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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXIV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1872. NUMBER 1207.

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LITTLE MARIAN.

BY MRS. RICHARD S. GREENOUGH.

THROW back the shutters, Janet;
Ope the window wide, I pray;
Let me enjoy the loveliness
Of this most lovely day.
Hark! coming from the seaward side,
Dost hear that muffled roar?
Surely the breakers never seemed
So close to me before.

How bright the sun shines on the lawn,
No cloud is in the sky;
But yes! there comes a little one
So slowly trailing by.
A hand it seems to image,
That points at me; and stay!
It moves its shadowy fingers,
As if beckoning me away.

Ah! the little birdie, Janet,
Only look at him, and hear
Upon the swinging grape-vine
How bold he comes, how clear
He sings. But what a strange song
He sings to me! It seems
Like that unearthly music
We only hear in dreams.

How beautiful the sunlight lies
Upon those pine trees old!
Each great trunk and each little branch
Looks all of molten gold.
But how solemn is their motion,
Slowly waving to and fro.
I wonder what they want to say,
With all their whispering low.

To-night will be the ball, Janet;
Such a delightful ball!
I can scarcely wait with patience
Until the night shall fall.
My little ivory book is full;
I've not a dance to give.
How good it is to be so young!
How good it is to live!

Now bring to me my ball-dress,
And lay it on the bed;
And the pretty things I'll wear to-night
In tasteful order spread.
How tender is its soft tint—
That sea-green faint and pale;
How like a mist falls over it
The lace's silvery veil.

With buds of water-lilies
You shall wreathe for me my hair;
Around my neck my mother's string
Of bridal pearls I'll wear,
Which she left to me so long ago;
And in the center here
The diamond drop my father gave,
Will glisten like a tear.

Now dress me for my bath, Janet,
I must go down to the sea;
I love to watch the great green waves
In all their revelry.
Sometimes I think they love me too,
They come so far to meet,
Upon the wet and glittering sands,
My half-reluctant feet.

And when upon their heaving breast
I lay me down to float,
It seems to me their thundering
Then takes a softer note.
'Tis fancy, you will say, Janet;
But I really think they fold
Their white crests down, as if they sought
Me in their arms to hold.

With fluent fingers they unlace
My hair, as though in play;
And toss it back and forth, as though
They thought it was their spray;
And when I would come out, they chase
Me half way up the beach;
Half angry, half imploringly,
They try in vain to reach

Me as I look back, laughingly,
To see them, in my flight.
But no more of the waves, Janet,
I'll think but of to-night;
For my little ivory book is full—
I've not a dance to give.
How good it is to be so young!
How good it is to live!

Through the window — the shore
Flashed their red light far and wide,
And stern and anxious eyes were bent
On the heavy lapping tide.
Long hours they had sought and watched;
But still they watched in vain.
From the green waves little Marian
Came never forth again.

POWER FROM ON HIGH—WHAT IS IT?

BY REV. CHARLES G. FINNEY.

THE apostles and brethren, on the Day of Pentecost, received it. What did they receive? What power did they exercise after that event?

They received a powerful baptism of the Holy Ghost, a vast increase of divine illumination. This baptism imparted a great diversity of gifts, that were used for the accomplishment of their work. It manifestly included the following things: The power of a holy life. The power of a self-sacrificing life. The manifestation of these must have had great influence with those to whom they proclaimed the Gospel. The power of a cross-bearing life. The power of great meekness, which this baptism enabled them everywhere to exhibit. The power of a loving enthusiasm in proclaiming the Gospel. The power of teaching. The power of a loving and living faith. The gift of tongues. An increase of power to work miracles. The gift of inspiration, or the revelation of many truths before unrecognized by them. The power of moral courage, to proclaim the Gospel and do the bidding of Christ, whatever it cost them.

In their circumstances, all these endowments were essential to their success; but neither separately nor altogether did they constitute that power from on high which Christ promised, and which they manifestly received. That which they manifestly received as the supreme, crowning, and all-important means of success was the power to prevail with both God and man, the power to fasten *saving impressions* upon the minds of men. This last was doubtless the thing which they understood Christ to promise. He had commissioned the Church to convert the world to him. All that I have named above were only means, which could never secure the end unless they were vitalized and made effectual by the power of God. The apostles, doubtless, understood this; and, laying themselves and their all upon the altar, they besieged a Throne of Grace in the spirit of entire consecration to their work.

They did, in fact, receive the gifts before mentioned; but supremely and principally this power to savingly impress men. It was manifested right upon the spot. They began to address the multitude; and, wonderful to tell, three thousand were converted the same hour. But, observe, here was no new power manifested by them upon this occasion, save the gift of tongues. They wrought no miracle at that time, and used these tongues simply as the means of making themselves understood. Let it be noted that they had not had time to exhibit any other gifts of the Spirit which have been above named. They had not at that time the advantage of exhibiting a holy life, or any of the powerful graces and gifts of the Spirit. What was said on the occasion, as recorded in the Gospel, could not have made the impression that it did had it not been uttered by them with a new power to make a saving impression upon the people. This power was not the power of inspiration, for they only declared certain facts of their own knowledge. It was not the power of human learning and culture, for they had but little. It was not the power of human eloquence, for there appears to have been but little of it. It was God speaking in and through them. It was a power from on high—God in them making a saving impression upon those to whom they spoke. This power to savingly impress abode with and upon them. It was, doubtless, the great and main thing promised by Christ, and received by the apostles and primitive Christians. It has existed, to a greater or less extent, in the Church ever since. It is a mysterious fact often manifested in a most surprising manner. Sometimes a single sentence, a word, a gesture, or even a look, will convey this power in an overcoming manner.

To the honor of God alone I will say a little of my own experience in this matter. I was powerfully converted on the morning of the 10th of October. In the evening of the same day, and on the succeeding of the following day, I received overwhelming baptisms of the Holy Ghost, that went through me, as it seemed to me, body and soul. I immediately found myself endued with such power from on high that a few words dropped here and there to individuals were the means of their immediate conversion. My words seemed to fasten like barbed arrows in the souls of men. They cut like a sword. They broke the heart like a hammer. Multitudes can attest to this. Oftentimes a word dropped, without my remembering it, would fasten conviction, and often result in almost immediate conversion. Sometimes I would find myself, in a great measure, empty of this power. I would go out and visit, and find that I made no saving impression. I would exhort and pray, with the same result. I would then set apart a day for private fasting and prayer, fearing that this power had departed from me, and would inquire anxiously after the reason of this apparent emptiness. After humbling myself, and crying out for help, the power would return upon me with all its freshness. This has been the experience of my life.

I could fill a volume with the history of my own experience and observation with respect to this power from on high. It is a fact of consciousness and of observation, but a great mystery. I have said that sometimes a *look* has in it the power of God. I have often witnessed this. Let the following fact illustrate it. I once preached, for the first time, in a manufacturing village. The next morning I went into a manufacturing establishment, to view its operations. As I passed into the weaving department, I beheld a great company of young women; some of whom, I observed, were looking at me, and then at each other, in a manner that indicated a trifling spirit, and that they knew me. I, however, knew none of them. As I approached nearer to those who had recognized me, they seemed to increase in their manifestations of lightness of mind. Their levity made a peculiar impression upon me; I felt it to my very heart. I stopped short and looked at them; I know not how, as my whole mind was absorbed with the sense of their guilt and danger. As I settled my countenance upon them, I observed that one of them became very much agitated. A thread broke. She attempted to mend it; but her hands trembled in such a manner that she could not do it. I immediately observed that the sensation was spreading, and had become universal among that class of triflers. I looked steadily at them; until one after another gave up, and paid no more attention to their looms. They fell on their knees, and the influence spread throughout the whole room. I had not spoken a word; and the noise of the looms would have prevented my being heard, if I had. In a few minutes all work was abandoned, and tears and lamentations filled the room. At this moment the owner of the factory, who was himself an unconverted man, came in, accompanied, I believe, by the superintendent, who was a professed Christian. When the owner saw the state of things, he said to the superintendent: "Stop the mill." What he saw seemed to pierce him to the heart. "It is more important," he hurriedly remarked, "that these souls should be saved than that this mill should run." As soon as the noise of the machinery had ceased the owner inquired: "What shall we do? We must have a place to meet, where we can receive instruction." The superintendent replied: "The mule-room will do." The mules were run up out of the way, and all of the hands were notified and assembled in that room. We had a marvelous meeting. I prayed with them, and gave them such instructions as at the time they could bear. The word was with power. Many expressed hope that day; and within a few days, as I was informed, nearly every hand in that great establishment, together with the owner, had hope in Christ.

This power is a great marvel. I have many times seen people unable to endure the word. The most simple and ordinary statements would cut men off from their seats like a sword, would take away their bodily strength, and render them almost as helpless as dead men. Several times it has been true in my experience that I could not raise my voice, or say anything in prayer or exhortation, except in the mildest manner, without entirely overcoming those that were present. This was not because I was preaching terror to the people; but the sweetest sounds of the Gospel would overcome them. This power seems sometimes to pervade the atmosphere of one who is highly charged with it. Many times great numbers of persons in a community will be clothed with this power when the very atmosphere of the whole place seems to be charged with the life of God. Strangers coming into it, and passing through the place, will be instantly smitten with conviction of sin, and in many instances converted to Christ. When Christians humble themselves, and consecrate their all afresh to Christ, and ask for this power, they will often receive such a baptism that they will be instrumental in converting more souls in one day than in all their lifetime before. While Christians remain humble enough to retain this power the work of conversion will go on, till whole communities and regions of country are converted to Christ. The same is true of ministers. But this article is long enough. If you will allow me, I have more to say upon this subject.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AGAIN.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

IN writing some thoughts on "Competitive Examination" for THE INDEPENDENT, the other day, I did not design to criticise the report of the Commission, for it had not then appeared. As it has since appeared, and as Mr. Curtis has done me the honor, still later, to acknowledge some weight in what was said, I wish now to go a little further, and say something about the report itself. Its recommendations are now pending before Congress, and now is the time for their discussion. In a country where so much depends on public opinion, if a measure is not freely criticised by its friends, in a good spirit, the same criticism is pretty sure to be made, sooner or later, in a bad spirit. Even if what is said be not very wise, it may set others on the path of wisdom. As Arthur Helps says, we need not only to take the common sense of a community, on any new issue, but also to ascertain what is likely to be its common nonsense.

Let me say, at the outset, that I attach little weight to what is apt to be claimed as the surpassing merit of the new system. It seems to me a trifling matter whether our civil service appointments are to be made by something called a commission or by something called a cabinet or a congress. Mr. Curtis himself, if he were in the White House or the Capitol (as I wish he were), would be precisely the same man that he would be in a committee-room. The fact that the "commission" or the "board" is not chosen directly by the people makes no difference. The heads of departments are not chosen by the people; and yet it is of their appointments that complaint is made. The real merit of the new system appears to me to be that it cuts up by the roots the theory that appointments are to be made as political rewards, and on a geographical basis. Once yield to the adroit proposition of Mr. Upson, "that the appointments should be made from the states in proportion to population," and you are lost. Once recognize that the seventy-third congressional district of the State of Dakotah is entitled to one more third-class clerkship in the Internal Revenue Office, and no power on earth can prevent the honorable member for that district from virtually dictating the selection. Indeed, it seems reasonable that he should, and hardly fair to blame him; because he, after all, knows the candidates best. But when it is once settled that Rhode Island or Delaware may fill all the clerkships, if it can only furnish the best men, then the country is safe; provided you can obtain an infallible method of ascertaining who the best men are. That, as I claim to have shown, is harder than many people think; but it is certainly worth trying.

The report of the Commission is, therefore, strong in what it abolishes. But everything on earth, except "the deacon's one-horse shay," has a weakest point, and that point seems to lie for this report in one or the other of two things—its want of a clear statement as to what is meant by "competitive examination," or else its undue reliance on the six months' probation.

First, as to the examination. What an English civil service examination means is pretty well known. In the India service, where it is by far the strictest, it means an exclusively literary or scholastic examination, and that a very severe one. I was told by an English friend, who had been successfully through it, that it was severer than any examination at Oxford, of which university he was a graduate. In history and mathematics it was especially exacting, and included, in the latter department, conic sections and the calculus. But this intellectual examination was all. There was absolutely no question asked that could reach a man's executive qualities, nor his record as an executive man, nor his general reputation. There was merely the ordinary "certificate of good character," which any man can obtain. Nothing more. The boy just from school stood on equal terms with the ablest organizer or manager in the kingdom.

Now there are in this method, as I showed in a previous paper, both merits and defects. But what I fail clearly to discern from the report of the Commission is, whether this is the method which they propose. Their "rules and regulations" nowhere indicate. The report disavows (p. 13) "a test of mere literary proficiency." In case of a lighthouse-keeper, "general faculty or 'shiftiness'" is to be taken into the account (p. 14). "Experience (in an applicant) will always have necessary weight in any examination" (p. 18). But how are you to measure the "experience"? Who is to testify to the "shiftiness"? It can only be done by oral examination and the personal impressions of the committee, thus opening the door to any amount of favoritism; or by merely comparing written credentials, which is a virtual abandonment of the whole principle of competitive examination. My own personal impression is that we shall ultimately have to adopt the merely scholastic English examination, with all its evils; or else make the examinations merely subordinate, and appoint mainly on personal recommendation, as now.

And I cannot share the confidence which the Commission seem to feel in the six months' probation, as "the test of those essential qualities in an officer which it is often asserted cannot be ascertained by examination." It is known to all men that it is far easier to keep out than to put out. Once get an incompetent man into office, even on probation, and you may be sure that all sources of influence that can be found in Washington, "earth, heaven, and fair Calista" will be invoked to keep him where he is. It will be like the old theory in our colleges that when a freshman was "on probation" till he was "matriculated"; but practically the distinction meant very little, and it was found that the boys were almost as firm in their seats before that mystic process as after it. Probation may be a good defense against open misconduct; but it is a poor defense against mediocrity. One always has subordinates in office whom one would not appoint if it were to be done over again; but who, being once in, are kept in, from kind feeling, or personal pressure, or the doubt whether the next candidate will be any better. Probation may be the only test that can be applied after the examination is over; but it is a poor test, and he who has crammed for an examination, and passed it, need have few fears of being turned out. It will require great moral courage in the head of a department to put him out; and if we had a sufficiency of moral courage even the present system might not be very bad. I believe the new system of appointment to be a far better machine than the old one; but, after all, the great hope must lie in improving not the machinery, but the men. When men of wealth and education make it a matter of conscience to attend primary political meetings they will be well governed and well served, because they will deserve to be. And not till then.

"WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?"

BY THOMAS D. JAMES.

WHEN I am called to die,
To yield my spirit to His sacred keeping,
To rest my body in the long, long sleeping,
I fain would not belie
My trust in Him who doeth all things well,
Whose will alone my every wish should quell.

I would not vainly choose
What read shall lead me up the holy mountain,
What path conduct me to the crystal fountain;
Nor willing be to lose
The guidance of the hand that e'er has led
In ways I know not, but with mercies spread.

If gentle be the call,
If faint and feeble be the distant warning,
Like dimmest daystreak of the early morning,
Tipping the pine trees tall,
And brighter growing, till the red east shines
With fullest glory on the glowing pines,

How grateful should I feel!
That I might still behold my loved ones longer,
Might tarry till my timid faith grew stronger,
Might linger to reveal
The loves that buoyant life can ne'er unveil,
Like odors evening only can exhale.

If sudden be the stroke,
If all unheralded His solemn coming,
Like flash, fast followed by the thunder's booming,
That scathes the skyward oak,
While pale with fear we hold our bated breath,
In awe of the swift messenger of death,

How blest the favored lot!
A lot to few departing spirits given—
Painless to pass from earth and sin to Heaven.
Oh! surely it were not
Departure we should dread, at once to rise
On whirlwind pinions to the opening skies.

So I repose my trust;
And, whether speedy messenger obeying,
Or waiting, patiently, my Lord's delaying
To summon me to rest,
On His dear love my willing trust would dwell;
He knoweth best; He doeth all things well.

A WOMAN'S LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, January, 1872.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

COMPARATIVELY few, looking down from the gallery upon the present Congress, miss from its uneasy sea of human faces a single one, not especially noticeable from that distance through the yellow light flaring from the upper windows of tinted glass, yet a strong, true face, which all who have learned it miss. Yes, it was a strong face, with deep lines of justice cut perpendicularly between the broad perceptive brows; a straight nose, a wide, firmly-set mouth, indicating energy, self-control, and inflexibility of purpose; lines of care and of thought running far back from the eyes, whose clear, direct, and kindly glance proclaim the penetration, gentleness, and deep emotional nature of the man, as the mouth and jaw assert his power to conquer difficulties and to struggle straight on to the accomplishment of any high or honest aim which his conscience allows him to seek. This is the face of William B. Washburn, the new governor of Massachusetts, and for nearly ten years member of the House of Representatives. We miss him from out that precious minority of men who do more than they say. Justice has never yet been done to the faithful, patient, unceasing "working member." He who puts aside or crushes down his own inherent desire for personal prominence in the House and personal fame abroad, to perform the drudgery of committees, and to do the actual work of his constituents and of the country; the man whose entire energies are silently pledged to every good work and to every true principle, without reference to personal fame or gain—there is more than one such man in the Congress of the United States, and William B. Washburn was one of them. It gives me great pleasure to hold even for a passing moment the names of such men to the public gaze; for people at home, who judge Congress by the newspapers, are inclined to think that the "Honorable gentlemen" who cry "Mr. Speaker!" oftenest in the congressional report are the men of the most influence and of the most importance in the House; while the contrary is very often true. Mr. Washburn is another example of the power of the self-made American to compass high success, and also of the subtler and more fateful fact that in the controlling events of life circumstances make us, make our work; not we circumstances. And how many of us do the work that once we would have chosen to do? Mr. Washburn, left an orphan in childhood, struggled through a youth of loneliness and poverty for education and a livelihood. He was graduated from Yale College in 1840, with inclinations and efforts all turned toward the profession of the Christian ministry. Circumstance and necessity forced him into business life; from that he passed into politics. In 1850 he went to the state senate of Massachusetts. In 1862 he was elected by the Republicans a member of Congress. In that he served upon some of its most important committees; became a man of mark, for his sagacity, wise judgment, knowledge of men, and devotion to every just principle; and now, as governor of Massachusetts, in his first message, preaches a sermon, with the whole commonwealth for his audience—a sermon whose wisdom and truth commends itself to the entire nation. Washington personally loses what Massachusetts gains, and in a double sense; for Gov. Washburn has chosen for his secretary Sidney Andrews, who in journalism in this city was all that Mr. Washburn was in Congress. It is very much the fashion to speak of "newspaper men" as inherently devoid of principle or any delicate sense of honor—as men just as "willing to write on one side as another, if it will only pay," or on both sides at once, if profitable. If this be true of many, or of *any*, then we have but the more need to cherish in the profession the few who are honor and truth itself—the men who do their best to make the press not only the medium of news, the instrument of opinion, but likewise a defender of the truth. If you were to ask me the great need of Washington to-day, I would say, *true men*. Not that there are no true ones here; only there are not so many but that many more are needed. I honor the two men whom I have named as belonging to the class of workers, too little known and too poorly prized, who do much and say little. To such reward usually comes in the shape of more arduous work, of heavier responsibility, till death takes from the tired hand the unfinished life-task, and gives it to another. This class of workers only accept the overwhelming fact of our century, that in this age the world's work is to be done by the many, not the few; that he or she who would really be a force in their generation must be content to do whatever their hands, heads, or hearts find to do, without hope of any personal, special, or lasting fame. Fame! In our day the very word has lost its significance. In its primal sense there is no fame. There can be no fame on all this teeming earth. Where there was one book now thousands pour weekly from the press. Where there was one newspaper there are now ten thousand. Where there was one statesman of transcendent power now hundreds of intelligent, energetic legislators do ten times the work of earlier statesmen, too hurried and too crowded to have either time or strength to cultivate the graces of rhetoric or eloquence. Where here and there a man or woman rose to solitary prominence now the entire race has risen and swept far beyond the tide-mark of intelligence. No matter how strong or how subtle, no matter what the gifts and graces, to be a pulse, a single pulse in this universal and illimitable life—to rise and throb, sink and fall, and fade away into oblivion—is all that the most o'ervaulting can do or be. Never was it so foolish before for men and women to shout to hear the sound of their own voices, or with the hope that it will be echoed back by later generations.

And right here, to save much time and trouble, I want to answer the people who are writing in public and private to me to "stop letter writing," and to "do something great." Good people, you worry me, and scare even my poor little letters out of my head. You make me feel as if everybody were tired of them, and that I could never write another. If you don't like them, why on earth do you read them? I am sure I don't want you to. Or do you do it in the spirit of the lady who congratulated Samuel Johnson on the fact that he had "left all improper words out of his dictionary." "Madame, I perceive that you have been searching for them," replied the ungallant sage. Pray you, who stick up your noses at "letters," confine yourselves to odes and essays; the world is full of them. I could not do anything "great" if I tried, and I shall never try. I confess a letter is a fragmentary, effervescent thing if it *is* a letter. The fact that it is a letter precludes its being an essay or anything rounded and complete. My dear friends of THE INDEPENDENT, you are very kind to have cared for mine, and that you should have cared so long is my hourly marvel. But while you do I shall write you; when you do not, it will be time to do something else. One letter is little; but many letters may make the chronicles of an epoch and a race. To paint one's day, to record events, to portray men, to scatter seeds of truth unaware, which must blossom and bear fruits when you are dead and forgotten, may not be great; but it is not unworthy, if only because in so doing the individual subserves the avocation. I magnify mine office. I repel the sneer leveled at any conscientious form of journalism. For, if faithfully performed, by man or woman, it is the most arduous, the most life-draining, the most unselfish of any form of brain-work. It is the nerve-force of one consumed for the pleasure of many. It is personal fame immolated to the Moloch of News; it is the individual sacrificed to that blind god, the Public. To the maiden in Western New York who within a week has lectured me for my "carelessness of style," and who "shivers" because I "ended my last letter with a preposition," I want to tell a little story. Coleridge—the melodious and melancholy Coleridge, who was too fastidious as well as lazy to earn his own living; who left his wife and babies (to whom he wrote the most musical of poetry) to be supported by the daily brain-work of another—*he* was very much exasperated one morning at hearing a street-vender crying "Old clo'! old clo'!"

"Can't you say old *clothes*?" exclaimed the master of melody.

"I can say old CLOTHES as well as you," answered the injured ragman; "but, if you had to cry old clothes twenty thousand times a day, as I do, you'd be glad enough to stop at old clo'!"

If "Edith" had to write seven newspaper letters a week, some unlucky day, as the clock struck and the last mail closed, she might be obliged to stop short at a preposition. At any rate, she would be so busy a woman in future she would have no time to attend to anybody's business but her own.

Congress has dragged dully through the week, and the life of Washington for the present seems concentrated in its social forces. But one day this week have the Senate galleries been filled—that Thursday, the day appointed by Senator Conkling to reply to Senator Sumner's resolution for a one-term amendment of the Constitution. On that day even Mrs. Grant came to see the sight and hear the thunderous sounds; for, though it seems grandly to a great occasion, Mr. Conkling always speaks in a Day of Judgment tone. If he rises to ask that a letter should be read, it is as if he had already heard Gabriel's trumpet, and was impressing upon those who were deaf the awful solemnity of the occasion. Always great in vituperation, opposition to Sumner gives it double zest. A man of opinions rather than of principles, what he thinks is valuable to him chiefly because he thinks it, not because it is right or true, though it may happen to be both. He is a man of intense personal animosities, of bitter prejudices, and of monstrous arrogance. He who dares to cross his path he would wipe out like a fly. The man running the same race he hates if he outstrips him; he alone can command his affections who in no wise interferes with his ambitions. All these mental and personal qualities came into full play in his masterly speech of Thursday, for in some phases masterly it was. His vocabulary of words is choice, copious, apparently illimitable; and their speaker is so impressed with their power and importance that it is very difficult for his hearers not to be also. He is pre-eminently a "sentence maker." Powerful, ponderous, and ornate, they are almost always marred by vituperation. He throws them at you, strikes you so hard with words that you are overpowered; but, when you recover yourself sufficiently to search for the idea that you fancy hit you, it is not there—or, if it is, it is so small, compared with the great need of Washington to-day, I would say, *true men*. Not that there are no true ones here; only there are not so many but that many more are needed. I honor the two men whom I have named as belonging to the class of workers, too little known and too poorly prized, who do much and say little. To such reward usually comes in the shape of more arduous work, of heavier responsibility, till death takes from the tired hand the unfinished life-task, and gives it to another. This class of workers only accept the overwhelming fact of our century, that in this age the world's work is to be done by the many, not the few; that he or she who would really be a force in their generation must be content to do whatever their hands, heads, or hearts find to do, without hope of any personal, special, or lasting fame. Fame! In our day the very word has lost its significance. In its primal sense there is no fame. There can be no fame on all this teeming earth. Where there was one book now thousands pour weekly from the press. Where there was one newspaper there are now ten thousand. Where there was one statesman of transcendent power now hundreds of intelligent, energetic legislators do ten times the work of earlier statesmen, too hurried and too crowded to have either time or strength to cultivate the graces of rhetoric or eloquence. Where here and there a man or woman rose to solitary prominence now the entire race has risen and swept far beyond the tide-mark of intelligence. No matter how strong or how subtle, no matter what the gifts and graces, to be a pulse, a single pulse in this universal and illimitable life—to rise and throb, sink and fall, and fade away into oblivion—is all that the most o'ervaulting can do or be. Never was it so foolish before for men and women to shout to hear the sound of their own voices, or with the hope that it will be echoed back by later generations.

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The Independent.

MY PRAYER.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

I ASKED the Lord that I might worthier be,
Might grow in faith and hope and charity;
And straight "Go, feed my lambs!" he answered me.

"Nay, Lord!" I cried. "Can outward deeds avail
To cleanse my spirit? Heart and courage fail,
And sins prevent and foes and fears assail."

And still "Go, feed my lambs!" was all I heard.
But should I rest upon that simple word?
Was that, indeed, my message from my Lord?

Behold, I thought that he his hand would lay
On my sick soul, and words of healing say,
And charm the plague-spot from my heart away.

Half wroth, I turned to go; but, oh! the look
He on me cast—a gaze I could not brook;
With deep relentings all my spirit shook.

"Oh! dearest Lord," I cried, "I will obey.
Say what Thou wilt! Only lead Thou the way;
For, following thee, my footsteps shall not stray."

He took me at my word. He went before;
He led me to the dwellings of the poor,
Where wolf-eyed Want keeps watch beside the door.

He beckoned me, and I essayed to go
Where Sin and Crime, more sad than Want and Woe,
Hold carnival, and Vice walks to and fro.

And, when I faltered at the sight, he said:
"Behold, I died for such! These hands have bled,
This side for such has pierced been." He said:

"Is the disciple greater than his Lord?
The servant than his Master?" Oh! that word;
It smote me like a sharp, two-edged sword!

And, since that hour, if any work of mine
Has been accepted by my Lord as sign
That I was following in his steps divine;

If, serving others (though imperfectly),
My own poor life has worthier come to be,
And I have grown in faith and charity,

Dear Lord, be Thine the glory! Thou hast wrought,
All unaware, the blessing that I sought.
Oh! that these lips might praise Thee as they ought.

THE SEA EMPIRE.

BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

THE history of Japan has no ancient or modern parallel. Settled by the first ancestors of the present race, at least twenty-five centuries ago, it has remained unconquered ever since. Although separated from the Continent of Asia by the Straits of Corea, only one hundred miles wide, it has resisted every invasion therefrom, though it received letters and a new religion from China, through Corea. In no other country is the present so vitally connected with the past. The young emperor, who to-day celebrates his twentieth birthday, is the direct descendant of a line whose founder reigned twenty-five centuries ago.

To-day it may be written again with fresh emphasis, Japan is a united empire. For the last five centuries it has been simply an agglomeration of clans; each under its chief, who was one of the ancient hereditary vassals of the emperor. All were under the Mikado, their reverend but almost powerless emperor, and the Shiogoon, an officer whose rank was fourth or fifth from the Mikado, but who possessed the real sovereign power. Japan has been compared to the Scotland of eight centuries ago—a comparison utterly unfair, unless Japan be remembered as far more civilized, moral, and humane than the Scotland pictured in "The Lady of the Lake." Cattle stealing or village burning was not exactly the way in which the Daimios of Japan exchanged compliments. Previous to the time of Iyeyas there was occasional civil war; but since the expulsion of the Jesuits, in 1614-30, Japan has been fully worthy of her ancient name—Land of Great Peace. During this time Japan, hermetically sealed, has kept the world barred out, having but one loophole, at Decina, near Nagasaki, to which an annual ship came, bringing news and samples from the outside world. Whatever else they disagreed upon, rulers and people resolved to keep their land uncontaminated by the presence of foreigners, their customs or doctrines. In their own land they could eat rice without scarceness, and lack nothing in food or clothing, while the metals and timber were practically unlimited in quantity. Silk was almost universally worn, and gold was worth but four times more than silver. As far as the "pursuit of happiness" is concerned, we doubt if any people are happier than the light-hearted children of Dai Nipon. It may be happiness akin to that of the ox; but, at all events, contentment is the mother of their happiness. A sketch of one of the petty provincial governments into which all Japan was divided, and which we have seen in operation for several months, will give a fair idea of the "paternal," feudal, and clan-like manner in which the people were governed.

All the land of Japan belonged to the Imperial Government. With the exception of the "Imperial domain" in and around the capitals, open ports, etc., it was held in fief by the Daimios. By them it was rented on "feuft" to the Samurai, or the retainers; clansmen possessing many hereditary rights, an income of rice, special privileges of dress, the right of wearing two swords, etc. These Samurai constituted the literary-military class of the people. They were fairly educated in the Chinese classics and Japanese literature, and from them the soldiers and provincial officers were drawn. From them, or from rich merchants, the farmers hired the land on shares, or worked it almost exactly like the old serfs or villeins of England. In all cases of "shares" the lion's belonged to the Samurai; but at any time of famine or dearth the people of all classes were fed out of the public rice-house—a huge granary, attached to every provincial capital or large town. The shopkeepers and mechanics passed rich, and lived happily on ridiculously low earnings, and all "kane-mochi," or rich merchants, were restricted from display by rigid sumptuary laws. These laws of caste were as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The man born a peasant must die a peasant, though he be an aspiring Cromwell or a seeing Milton.

Beginning with the lowest retainer, whose stipend was six kokus of rice, or 15 to 20 dollars per year, the line of Samurais "tapered away in unbroken perspective," through hundreds of officers, to the real power of the clan, the Dai Sangi (three great men) and the Daimio. The latter in many points had almost absolute authority, while in others he was but the servant and slave of his clan. With the exception of his white silk underclothing and gold-hilted short sword, his dress, as well as his food, house, or furniture, were the same as those of his followers. Thus each government of a province constituted a "Han." Japan was divided into 68 provinces; but, as there were over 250 Daimios, there were as many "Hans." Some of the Daimios of these Hans were only the barons or clan leaders of scarcely 10,000 men; while others, having many smaller Hans and Daimios tributary to them, were really powerful princes. The central government, as we have remarked, consisted of a divinely-descended figurehead at Miako, and a personage, not of great rank, but of great power, in Yedo, called the Shiogoon; or, as the foreigners called him, the Tycoon. By him the Daimios were obliged to reside six months of the year in Yedo, and in their absence to leave their families as hostages. The Shiogoon was supposed to do what the Council of Daimios desired; but it is evident that his will or power was far greater than theirs.

The late Prince of Echizen was the first who exerted himself successfully to break up the custom which required the Daimios to go yearly to remain in Yedo. This was the first great blow against the Shiogoon's prestige. The late civil war swept away the last vestige of it. The Mikado is now reinstated in more than his ancient authority, and the party consisting largely, though by no means entirely, of liberal-minded men came into power also.

The most recent changes in the governmental system of Japan have been of such a sweeping and radical character that we can hardly refer them to the Emperor, who, on the day on which we write celebrates his twentieth birthday. Evidently the power behind the throne—some Japanese Bismarck—believes this to be the best time to unite and strengthen Dai Nipon, and that not a day is to be lost.

A recent edict from Yokio, the new name of Yedo, announced that all Hans were abolished, all Daimios must retire to private life, all officers except those holding commissions under the Imperial Government must vacate their offices, and that the former boundaries of provinces or Hans were effaced. The immense revenues set free are to be applied to the development of the country. Incomes of rice are still given to the Samurai; but it is evident, from certain expressions in the proclamation, that these also will gradually be withdrawn, and those only who work shall eat. In our province, containing a half million of inhabitants, six hundred officers formerly drew salaries; the number is now less than seventy. A few years ago the Hans could declare war or peace, emit bills of credit generously, and do quite as they pleased. Now it is merged into "Great Japan," and the officers are the "local authorities." Two months ago there were nearly three hundred "princes"; now they are numbered among private gentlemen. A united empire rises as the fruit of a silent, mighty revolution, all the more beneficent since it was done by those whom it most affects. Some of the severely curtailed Samurai are angry, even to breathing out threatenings and slaughter; but the majority of the thinking classes, and many of the Daimios, who advised it, approve and see in it far-reaching, good results to Japan. Among the latter was the Daimio of Fukuwi, or "Prince of Echizen," who bade his people farewell, to retire to private life, a few days after the promulgation of the edict, having anticipated it for months.

It was on Sunday, a golden day in the golden autumn. According to official notice, all the Samurai of the capital city, numbering several thousand, assembled, and were arranged according to their grade, in the halls of the old castle—now the American Scientific School—to receive the last farewells of their feudal lord. It was a suggestive sight and a significant array, those long lines of dark shaven faces, gun-hammer top-knots, and starched robes of ceremonial dress. Each man sat on the soft, thick matting of the floor, with his knees doubled under him, in true Japanese fashion, with his sword perpendicular before him, and hands clasped upon the hilt. The usual paper partitions removed, the immense area of the building made one vast hall. At this last gathering of the Fukuwi clan, their prince and leader moved along the lines of bowed heads, and with deep emotion bade his followers farewell, and passed out of the old castle, now the center of a new civilization. When that castle was built and its wide moats dug our land was a wilderness. To-day the youngest nation sends her sons and her civilization to the one of the oldest of the earth; while the children of the old sit to learn at the feet of the new.

After bidding the soldiers at the military school, the numerous doctors, stewards, etc., at the hospital, and the American instructor, at his house, farewell, this private gentleman departed for Yedo, escorted by all the military and the entire city's population *en masse*, who, in their best dress, lined the roads and followed for miles. Perhaps the same ceremonies and the same farewells took place in every Han in Japan. The day of loyalty has passed, the era of patriotism has begun. A mightier act than abolishing princeships has been done by the late edict. It decreed that certain carrion, or creatures in human form (a point not hitherto settled in Japanese ideas), are hereafter to be and to be treated as men. These are the beggars. Hitherto they were thought no better than beasts. No Samurai could be brought to account for killing one of them outside of the city limits. They were not counted in the people, and no shred of law protected them. It would be strange if any one would rescue a beggar from drowning, if it cost him any trouble. In Yedo, in the very mouth of our arrival there, a poor wretch was hacked to death in front of a teacher's house. He had been cut down from behind, perhaps for not getting quickly out of my lord Samurai's way. The carcass lay unburied for two days. Though in times of dearth the people were fed by their Hans, the beggars were usually almost annihilated, as more than one heap of bones, rags, and beggars' bubbish testifies. During a week's travel last summer I understood what it was to be a beggar. Our party had come to a river-ferry. The waters were swollen with heavy rains. A beggar—so my servant afterward merrily related to me—having no money to pay the ferryman, attempted to wade; but, being weak and the river mercilessly strong, he slipped and fell. Knowing nothing of this, at which at least ten men had been quietly looking, I cast a glance across the river, and was startled to see a hand raised as if clutching the air in agony, and the next moment a helpless body tossed like a toy on the mad waters. It was many seconds before I could believe the evidence of my eyes, for there stood the six *noukon* bearers, the ferrymen, and my own servant, laughingly pointing to the rolling heap of life and rags. He was dead now, too late to do aught, and the river was strong and wide; yet I marveled that, with a good boat and two skillful rowers near at hand, nothing had been done. But here I mistook; it was the mistake of applying American modes of thought. The law did not recognize this carcass as a man's; why should any one trouble himself? I asked my companions, two young men, having the best of Japan's culture, and kindly in heart and life, why no effort was made to rescue the drowning man. "Oh!" said one, "he is only a beggar, and, being weak, gets drowned; that is all." Declining to say anything more, and impatient at the concern of the foreigner, he shut himself up in his *noukon*, and went to sleep again, while we waited for the ferrymen to cross to us. Over and over on the tossing flood rolled the wreck—now the head and dirty rush hat visible, now a hand or a foot; in the rocks, and swept out of sight down the shallow, roaring flood, on and on, to join the myriads under the silent sea. The clouds lowered black, the heavens bowed in gloom, the rain swept, and the storm raved; earth and the mighty mountains looked on, yet were silent—"only a beggar." Now, thank God, beggars are men. They are counted among the people, to be protected, encouraged, and reclaimed. That fact is as grand as the emancipation of slaves.

Other ideas by the Imperial edict have become facts. The former division of the people into ranks or castes, the curse and reproach of Japan, is now abolished. The merchant, mechanic, or farmer, by talent and ability, may rise to high posts of honor in government or in letters. All classes are allowed to intermarry. The Samurai are allowed to enter any business or profession, a privilege hitherto denied them. The leather-workers, a class of men said to be the descendants of Corean prisoners, and who were ranked just above the beggars, are now honorable citizens. The schools of the government all over Japan, hitherto open only to the sons of the Samurai, are now free to all classes. We also know that the subject of female education is earnestly canvassed by the Imperial officers. Viewing the whole situation, even from the common prose of everyday life in the class-room, one cannot fail to see the "increasing purpose" in the policy and civilization of The Sea Empire.

FUKUWI, JAPAN, Nov 4th, 1871.

Art.

EFFECT OF CHEAP BOOKS ON ART.

BY JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

THE immediate effect of cheap books in Europe has been to deprive art of its intellectual supremacy, by giving the mental lead to the reasoning faculties. Ungracious as is this temporary suppression of the æsthetic disposition, it is an actual step forward in national progress. At first, as with children, the imagination takes precedence in the civilizing process, giving rise to distinctive religious and civic phases, which, however, owing to their artistic qualities, become liable to constant fluctuations and premature decay. The world has yet to demonstrate whether or not the scientific and æsthetic can be so balanced in a people as to become the foundation of a perfect and permanent civilization. It suffices for our purpose just now to get a vivid view of what must have been a universal passion for ornamental art during the middle ages, by looking at Japan, where feudalism is, or was within a year, still dominant, and the general constitution of society, in its division into castes, guilds, and ranks, with their average instruction, is in principle much like that which existed in Europe previous to the Reformation. Japan has cheap books, but no system of common education, tending to the development of mechanical and special modes of useful knowledge. On the contrary, there are distinct alphabets or modes of writing, regulated by the social condition or the sex of the learner. Women and the inferior orders are restricted only to the *Hirakana* alphabet, which is the vulgar one and used only for ordinary purposes. A man of quality, knowing this, can read his wife's or daughter's letters; but they cannot decipher his, or the books he buys, if the *Kalakana* alphabet, which is restricted to the higher classes of his sex and to superior scholarship, be employed. But the most current literature, intelligible to every one, vastly different, and forming the real mental diet of the multitude, is a system of pictorial books, the most artistic series of which is that by a school of associated artists, with Hokusai for their chief. These are printed in colors or plain, at a single impression, on one side of a light twisted paper, which doubles to form a leaf, and very often divides the print, cutting in halves the figures, to which accident the artists are indifferent. The exquisite delicacy of touch of these impressions, partly due to the softness of the material, seems like the handiwork of Nature itself, in a tender, poetical mood. Europeans have no process by which the vital qualities of things can be given with equal facility, impression, and truth. It was suggested as a spirit. These sketch-books and colored albums embody the history, poetry, legends, mythology, myths, acts, trades, customs, juggdery, magic, science, and natural history—in fine, the whole life of the people—in a cheap form, and serve to keep alive their artistic sensitiveness. They are taught by the pictorial representations or images of things, rather than by literary descriptions. Hence to them the style of the design has the same relative importance that the style of writing has with us. All that is best and worst in their taste, true and false in their lines, is garnered into these picture-books, which ardently evoke the sympathies of an highly impressionable race, passionately fond of Nature. Although there are marked differences of style in them, betraying the distance between a pupil's and a master's hand, yet there is a similarity of spirit and execution in all, indicative of a common fountain-head of national skill and feeling. As the motives of the figure art already examined appertain chiefly to their religious ideas, our enjoyment of it cannot be so hearty and complete as of that based on the social life, natural history, and the landscape of Japan. There are fewer drawbacks from imperfect comprehension or lack of sympathy with the theme. Indeed, we are let into an artistic paradise of an original character, which Europe cannot rival. This is specially true of their strictly decorative art. No other race understands so well the vital exigencies of ornamentation, or is equally skillful in manual practice. Here the Japanese have obtained as decisive a mastery as the Greeks in treating the human form. Outside of plastic art, in their own limits, the Japanese succeed even in this. There are two principal schools of the figure. That of Kioto, the spiritual capital of the Mikados, is the oldest. It is imbued, as the early Italian was, with Byzantine feeling, with the Chinese love of repose and richness of decoration, tending to laborious, minute conventionalism more than to strictly artistic invention. Nevertheless, it displays superlative delicacy and brilliancy of illumination, pictorial skill in composition, and a felicitous balancing and tempering of masses of color and gold. It devotes itself chiefly to sacred and historical topics and those favored by the aristocratic susceptibilities of the imperial family. Like the art of the miniaturists of mediæval Europe, with which it was contemporary in origin, it forms a religious school partial to gold backgrounds and magnificence of decoration, under the direction of Buddhist monks. These had acquired the art of clouding the page on which they wrote, with gold powder and leaf, of varied tints and brilliancy, intermixing figures and text with golden masses and suggestions of form, so as to illumine the page and give the effect of dissolving views, not unlike the softened splendor of the sun's rays on the landscape as they pass through mists. Their quiet though somewhat monotonous refinement of design and harmonious elegance of coloring, without obscuring the story, seduce the senses into a languid forgetfulness of it, as the ear often drinks in the music of an opera whilst the eye is unmindful of the stage properties. This fascination belongs to the best decorative art of the Orient everywhere. But the Japanese miniatures are wanting in the intense realistic characterization and vivid action which constitute the prominent traits of the more decidedly indigenous school, as represented by the pencil of Hokusai. The antithesis of Grecian design is the rule of Japanese. Mobility and flexibility of body and features; moments of liveliest action and surprise—real, vivid, often exaggerated, but as the Greeks intended to suppress; and, above all, absolute, distinct individualism in every figure—each one a character, as we say—these are emphatic points. There is no Nirwana in the true Japanese school. Although Buddhism has converted the nation, its indigenous traits and ideas remodel the imputed rites to suit themselves. Hence is it that the mobile restlessness of its art overcomes the contemplative tendency of its popular faith. Besides, there is diffused throughout it a latent objective humor, or nice irony, which, without caricaturing, emphasizes the motive, and gives it a pungent flavor, like wit to conversation. Sometimes the joke is broad, but invariably comical. Hokusai's drawings are diversified, original, and spontaneous; seemingly blossoming in his brain, as shrubs and flowers in their native soil and temperature were favorable to its greatest luxuriance. Bilobate leaves of *Salisburia* were met with for the first time, which prove the species to be identical with *S. Adiantifolia*, of Japan, the Ginkgo-tree of ornamental grounds, bearing broad, fan-shaped, maiden-hair leaves, on slender stalks. 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Inglefieldia*, were secured, and regarded as among the most important results of the expedition, proving as they do that this splendid evergreen ripened its fruit as far north as the 70th parallel of latitude under Miocene skies. Mr. Whymper's researches carry the number of Greenland plants up to 357 species; of these agree with those of the Province of Europe, among which four wandered no further than England, six went as far as the Baltic, ten extended to Switzerland, seven to Austria, seventeen reached their limit in Italy, and six were once at home in Greece. Fresh-water grasses indicate rivers and lakes in those days. Amber frequently occurs in Lignite and in fossil plant-beds, and points to the Redwoods and Larches as its source, for they were the most common conifers, and formed dense forests. Occasionally collections of fossil stems of perfect trunks, branches, knots, drift-wood are preserved, enveloped in coal. We fancy that, if the Greenlanders only knew how truly their country corresponded formerly to its name they would not care to return of the balmy Miocene epoch; and, again, that under such conditions, Dr. Petermann might reasonably disregard the challenge of Capt. Koldewey to accompany him in an attempt to reach the open polar basin by way of Spitzbergen, on the ground of having become a convert to the western route!

....Professor C. A. Young's observation of a supposed explosion on the surface of the sun gave a good opportunity for testing the theories of connection between solar phenomena and terrestrial magnetic disturbances. Accordingly the great magnet of Greenwich Observatory was called on to show its records. Singularly these do not exhibit any unusual vibration at the time of the violent action on the sun's chromosphere; but do report sudden and extraordinary movements two hours and a half later, indicating a magnetic storm, which developed into the beautiful aurora of the evening. While, therefore, the phenomena were not simultaneous, there appears to be a real connection, requiring longer time for transmission than has been supposed necessary; or, as there were faint oscillations at the time, movements on the solar surface of mechanical character only are not so highly magnetic as others which are less demonstrative.

....Astronomers are agreed that Encke's comet is a glowing mass of carbon vapor. Its spectrum consists of three bands, the middle one of which is much brighter than the other two, all apparently identical with the middle lines of carbon. In shape the comet resembles a shuttle, whose longer axis is directed toward the sun, carrying two wings of fainter light on either side near the head.

....In the latest *Annalen der Chimie und Pharmacie* appears a translation from the Russian of Professor Mendelejeff of a remarkable article on the Law of Periodicity in the Atomic Weights of the Elements. With Hydrogen as the base of the atomic system, the entire number of elements from Hydrogen 1, and Lithium 7, to Uranium 240 are found to fall in twelve periods, of seven or seventeen members, under eight groups according to their union with Oxygen and Hydrogen, R representing the element, I R_2O, II RO, III R_2O_3, IV RO_2, R H_4, V R_2O_5, R H_3, VI RO_3, R H_2, VII R_2O_7, R H, VIII RO_4, in which the amount of Oxygen regularly increases from I and that of Hydrogen regularly decreases from IV. Compounds in the first groups are strong bases, in the last are strong acids. In each group compounds generally grow weaker as the number of the period advances, and closer analogies appear between the members of even or those of odd periods than between members of even and odd periods. Arranged in a table, the system reveals at once its absent members, but shows them to be so few that the surface of the earth certainly cannot, and that its interior, or the substance even of the stars, could not afford many more elements. What is most surprising is that these breaks in periodicity give us very nearly the atomic weights and specific gravities of these absent elements before they are discovered. For a long time American chemists have been unable to settle the atomic weight of Titanium varying from 48 to 57, and have been troubled with the behavior of its oxides; and strangely enough we find here a gap between Calcium 40 and Titanium 48, at 44 in group III. Two are wanting between Zinc 65 and Arsenic 75, hypothetically termed Ekaaluminium 68 and Ekasilicium 72. Besides, this law of periods admits of a great variety of applications, by introducing a new system for the classification not only of facts, relations, and methods of investigation among the elements, but of the distribution of the elements themselves, by establishing the atomic weights of the rarest elements, by determining the properties and analogies of unknown elements, by securing the correction of atomic weights to greater certainty by means of relative differences, and by perfecting our acquaintance with forms of chemical combination.

Biblical Research.

AT Erweis el Ebeiriz Mr. E. H. Palmer, after leaving the Convent of St. Catherine, and before reaching the desert of Et-Tih, found the hill-sides and elevated portions of a watershed covered for more than a mile in every direction with curiously arranged stones, evidently the remains of a large encampment, but differing from those of Arab construction, as well as from all others noticed in the country. Hearths or collections of fire-stones, larger enclosures, occupied by high personages, are still distinctly traceable. The extent of the remains, indicating an unusual concourse of people, and above all the curious story of the lost Hajj caravan, strongly confirm the supposition that here may be a vestige of the Exodus in the days of Moses. Furthermore, the discovery of many tombs outside the camp seems to identify this spot with Kibroth-hattaavah, the scene of the "very great plague" described in Numbers xi, 31—35. The distances from Jebel Mûsa, on the one side, and from 'Ain Hudhera, on the other, exactly correspond with the distances of this spot from Mount Sinai and Hazeroth, as given in the biblical narrative. The discovery, therefore, is of great value as tending to establishing the position of the Mountain of the Law, but by enabling us to trace the route by which the Israelites left the region of Sinai for the wilderness of their forty years' wanderings.

....At the late meeting of the American Oriental Society President Woolsey made a communication on the *Batyli*, or sacred stones of the Greeks. He conjectures the word *Batylos* to be of Oriental origin, possibly connected with the Hebrew בֵּית אֵל, meaning a holy stone, representing or inhabited by a demon. It was often claimed that they had fallen from Heaven; and it is not unlikely that this was true in many cases, for descriptions of them correspond very nearly with those of aerolites. The image of Cybele, the patron divinity of Pessinus, was a stone of celestial origin, and a *batylus* of so high veneration that the Romans, in accordance with an order of the Sibylline books, sent a special embassy to Mount Dindymus to rob the ancient temple and bring away the sacred statue of the goddess, believing the safety of Rome depended on the removal of the image to Italy. In a story of Philon of Byblus, preserved by Eusebius, the deity *Uranus*, Heaven is said to have originated *batylia*, λίθους ἐμψύχους. Dr. Woolsey considered this claim weakened by the fact that wooden idols, like that of the Ephesian Artemis, had this origin ascribed to them. Acts xix, 35, but we remember while residing in the East to have read from a Greek source an explanation of this attribute, to the effect that the image of Diana rested upon, or had in some way connected with it, a rude black stone, received from the gods in remote antiquity, and was the object really referred to by the Ephesians when they spoke in this way of the effigy of the goddess. If this be true, may not the stone have been the object of worship of the original idolaters, to which the latter superadded their conception and form of Artemis, modified, by way of accommodation, into the Goddess of Nature? Even the heroic fable of the mystic Holy Grail may have been founded on some babylian story of Oriental derivation. According to the legend Parcival, of high German antiquity, the Holy Grail was fashioned from the largest of all diamonds, lost from the crown of Satan as he fell from Heaven. Guarded by angels until used in the Supper and at the Cross, it was, after three hundred years, again carried through the air to the West, and committed to the custody of the knights of its own choice. Tradition, of course, would convert into a diamond any stone of supernatural source. The stone set up by Jacob at Bethel, Gen. xxviii, 8, was not a *batylus*, but an anointed pillar or altar, designed merely to mark a place found to be the house of God.

....An English gentleman, Mr. Wood, who for a number of years has been engaged, single-handed, in trenching in every direction the ruins of Ephesus, with a determination to bring to light the foundations of the great Temple of Diana, is now to receive the assistance of a body of Royal Engineers, from the military school of Chatham. Mr. Wood having been rewarded at last with the object of his search, the British Museum send out the corps of experienced engineers for the purpose of uncovering the whole of the remains of the temple, special permission being granted by the Sultan. Among the number dispatched to Ephesus are those who were employed in the discovery of the tomb of Mausolus, at Halicarnassus, one of the seven wonders of the world with those of Diana, also in the recovery of the statue of Mausolus for the British Museum, and who were in like manner engaged in the recent excavations at Nineveh. When a number of valuable Cyranaic sculptures were disclosed and secured for the same collection.

....Palmyra-in-the-Desert, the ancient halfway station between the Mediterranean and the valley of the Euphrates, the city of Zenobia, was lost sight of up to the eighteenth century, and still remains wholly inaccessible to modern travelers. A temporary occupation of the site, however, by the Ottoman Government, not long since, furnished an opportunity for several official gentlemen to visit and explore its ruins. They made a careful survey of the Tower Tombs, resembling the Pyramids of Egypt, and by their excavations brought to light the first known specimens of Palmyrene mummies. Captain Burton, formerly British consul at Damascus, in giving an account of his researches, before the Anthropological Institute of London, presented a number of cranis, mummy cloths, and coffins, as well as linen, tesserm, with inscriptions in the Palmyrene character, mortuary lamps also inscribed, coins, seals, etc. In these articles he detected two distinct styles of art—one native and barbarous, the other late-classical, dating from the Roman period of the second or third century. He found the water supply of the place quite sufficient for a city of nine miles circumference. Dr. C. Blake believes the crania, after a comparison with modern Syrian and Jewish skulls, to be truly Phœnician, most of them belonging to a race larger and taller than any modern type in Syria. The leg-bones proved their owners to have had a stature of not less than six feet four inches high. Mummied hands, with tapering fingersand filbert-shaped nails, revealed a beauty of form unknown among Egyptian females. M. Peretie, dragoman of the British consul-general at Beirut, and a well-known collector, has in his possession a statue supposed to be that of Queen Zenobia.

....Inscriptions recently brought to light in the Isle of Cyprus are now occupying the attention of archæologists. Duc de Luynes first established the existence of a Cypriote alphabet of no less than eighty letters, and, together with Von Röth, renders a certain word, regarded as a key to the characters, "Salamis." Mr. R. H. Lang, discovered, by excavating in a tempio at Idalion, a bi-lingual Cypriote and Phœnician inscription, from which he reduces the number of the letters of the alphabet to fifty-one, and in which he translates the same key-word "King." This rendering is opposed to evidence from coins, and is based upon resemblance to a Lycian word supposed to have this meaning. The Lycian closely resembles the Cypriote alphabet, having descended from the same source, but differs in having received a number of Greelan letters; the Cypriote, however, retains its original character, in consquence of insulation. In the latter Mr. Lang believes "we have a child long lost book to the sight and knowledge of the world, whose pedigree we are convinced will prove of more than usual philological interest and importance." Mr. D. Sharpe has endeavored to show the Lycian alphabet to be of Indo-Germanic origin. Mr. G. Smith has made out in the Cypriote several case-endings of nouns, together with a large number of proper names, including "Idalium Citium Evagoras." He refers the alphabet to the Aryan group.

Science.

AT a late meeting of the New York Lyceum, Professor Wurtz illustrated by experiment the formation of amorphous carbonate of lime, using pure solutions of either carbonate of ammonia or soda and chloride of calcium, which instantly appeared as a perfectly transparent heavy precipitate. By agitation this was changed to a white opaque gelatinous mass, that soon became starch-like; but in the course of a couple of hours separation took place, the precipitate falling in rhombohedral crystals, leaving the liquid nearly clear. This experiment was applied to illustrate a conjecture as to the formation of crystalline carbonate of lime, Calcite, in nature. Limestone rocks supply a solution of the carbonate, which, finding its way into fissures, cavities, etc., first appears in the amorphous state, from which it slowly crystallizes into the varied and beautiful forms of the mineral. Transparent and opaque layers are often seen in silicious minerals, as agate, chalcedony, and all stages of the transition to perfect interior crystals are commonly quite evident. It was suggested as possible that all crystalline mineral may have passed through the amorphous condition, excepting, of course, the crystals of igneous rocks.

....The fossil plants collected by Edward Whymper, in Greenland, have at length been determined by Professor Oswald Heer, of the University of Zurich. At the principal locality, Atanekerdluk, remains of vegetable organisms were found in such profusion that the ancient flora of North Greenland may be almost completely restored, and its climate ascertained. At this station the plants were found in a fossil deposit on one of the three peaks of the peninsula, 1,175 feet above the sea, through all sedimentary strata; but chiefly in layers of Siderite and Limonite, slabs of which were often covered with specimens. Here representatives of no less than seventy-three species were taken out, twenty-five of which were new discoveries. One, a Greenbrier, *Similax grandifolia*, once distributed over the whole of Europe, from the Baltic to Italy, like its successor in our own thickets, used to hang in festoons from trees. A Sassafras, *S. Ferretianum*, is found, whose range extended as far as Senegaglia, in Italy, which had an earlier representative, *S. cretaceum*, in this country, and now is followed by our own plant. Many fine leaves of *M' Clintockia* at length establish the genus as a member of *Menispermaceæ*. A Redwood, *Sequoia Langsdorfii*, allied to the great cedars of California, was discovered with both male and female flowers, ripe cones, and shoots of such length as to show that soil and temperature were favorable to its greatest luxuriance. Bilobate leaves of *Salisburia* were met with for the first time, which prove the species to be identical with *S. Adiantifolia*, of Japan, the Ginkgo-tree of ornamental grounds, bearing broad, fan-shaped, maiden-hair leaves, on slender stalks. Whole forests were made up of Plane-trees, and Oaks in several species abounded, together with Sumachs, Grape-vines, Buckthorns, *Rhamnus*, a Strawberry-tree, *Euonymus*, Plums, *Liquidamban*, Ginseng, *Aralia*, Ivy, *Hedera*, Cornel, *Nyssa*, Arrow-woods, *Viburnum*, Andromeda, Holly, Persimmon, *Diospyros*, Buck-bean, *Menyanthes*, Ash-trees, a Fig, *Ficus*, probably, Walnuts, Chestnuts, flowers and fruit, as well as leaves, Beeches, Hazelnuts, Iron-wood, *Carpinus*, Sweet-gale, *Myrica*, Alders, Willows, Poplars, Pines, Larches, and many more of closest resemblance to inhabitants of our forests and warm, temperate latitudes. Two remarkable Ferns, differing widely from all species of temperate or frigid zones, appeared in addition to our Shield and Flowering Ferns. Bamboo and Horsetails. At Disco, besides the cones and cone scales of a Magnolia, *M. Inglefieldia*, were secured, and regarded as among the most important results of the expedition, proving as they do that this splendid evergreen ripened its fruit as far north as the 70th parallel of latitude under Miocene skies. Mr. Whymper's researches carry the number of Greenland plants up to 357 species; of these agree with those of the Province of Europe, among which four wandered no further than England, six went as far as the Baltic, ten extended to Switzerland, seven to Austria, seventeen reached their limit in Italy, and six were once at home in Greece. Fresh-water grasses indicate rivers and lakes in those days. Amber frequently occurs in Lignite and in fossil plant-beds, and points to the Redwoods and Larches as its source, for they were the most common conifers, and formed dense forests. Occasionally collections of fossil stems of perfect trunks, branches, knots, drift-wood are preserved, enveloped in coal. We fancy that, if the Greenlanders only knew how truly their country corresponded formerly to its name they would not care to return of the balmy Miocene epoch; and, again, that under such conditions, Dr. Petermann might reasonably disregard the challenge of Capt. Koldewey to accompany him in an attempt to reach the open polar basin by way of Spitzbergen, on the ground of having become a convert to the western route!

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Music.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS has just given at Steinway Hall a week of the best orchestral concerts New York has ever heard. His band, now numbering sixty players, has arrived at the perfection which is only attained by long practice together, and touches its music with a precision, lightness, delicacy, and fine sense of expression which even the Philharmonic orchestra cannot equal. The reason is very simple. Not only is Mr. Thomas a remarkably good director, and his company composed of the very best material; but there is a growth of sympathy among musicians who have worked long together, for which the most careful occasional rehearsals would be but a poor substitute. The Philharmonic, for example, which has hitherto ranked as the first orchestra in the United States, and still holds a rank hardly below the highest, consists of accomplished performers, who hold themselves in readiness throughout the year for all sorts of work—playing to-night perhaps in one of Verdi's operas, to-morrow at a ball, the next day possibly in a street procession. They sit under the batons of all sorts of conductors. They play for all sorts of purposes and in all sorts of styles. During six months only out of the twelve they are brought together about once a week for rehearsals of the most scientific compositions, under the most careful leader. The result, as we know, is almost invariably fine; but, naturally, it is not perfect. Traces of rough habits are not at once got rid of. Mr. Thomas's band, on the contrary, is kept together all the year round. It spends the summer playing seven nights a week at a music garden, and the fall and winter giving concerts all over the United States. Thus these sixty musicians perform together under the same leader every night of their lives; they are *always* at rehearsal; they never do rough or careless work; it is perpetual polishing, refining, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. The result is astonishingly beautiful. There are passages in certain compositions which never seemed to us perfectly clear until we heard them interpreted by this marvelously sympathetic band. Mr. Thomas deserves even more credit than he has generally received for his success in creating the only permanent orchestra in America. He has done it in the face of many obstacles and the chilling apathy of the city from which he ought to have received the cordial support. New York has thronged to his summer concerts, but has never taken a great deal of interest in the more artistic entertainments he has offered occasionally in the winter. It is only beginning to appreciate them. He had good audiences last week, and a plenty of applause; but we fear that he made no money. To-night's programme is excellent as they were, did not suit the popular taste. They were not severely classical; but there was, perhaps, an excess of music in the new school of German music, which Americans have not yet learned to relish. To musicians it was interesting, if only for its novelty; and it is for musicians rather than the *profanum vulgus* that Mr. Thomas works. Miss Krebs has played with him at all the concerts, and on Saturday evening took a benefit.

....There has been some controversy recently in England about the authorship of "Home, Sweet Home," and it seems to be established beyond reasonable doubt that the air was composed by Sir Henry Bishop. It purported to be partly founded upon a Sicilian air, and was written originally for a collection of "Melodies of All Nations," published in London. There is reason to believe, however, that it was not Sicilian at all, but purely Bishop's own. Some years afterward it was introduced into the opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan," performed at Convent Garden. J. Howard Payne furnishing the words. Its popularity dates from this time, and was created in a great measure by the singing of Miss M. Tree, the sister of Mrs. Charles Kean. Madame Pasta heard Miss Tree sing it at Convent Garden, in the fifties, formed a friendship for her, and induced Donizetti to introduce it for her into his "Anna Bolena," when that opera was first produced in Milan.

....The Second Philharmonic Concert, given on the evening of the 6th, presented the overture to "Euryanthe," Hayden's Thirteenth Symphony (in G), a piano-forte concerto of Reinecke's, played by Mr. Mills, and Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony. The concerto is a careful and scholarly composition, of which Mr. Mills gave a most admirable rendering; but it is not striking for its originality; and,

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Boyd, P. S., Cong., of Ridgefield, Conn., inst., Dec. 27th, at Amesbury and Salisbury Mills, Mass.

Buntingame, S. D., Bapt., ord., at Reading, Mich.

Choate, Alonzo F., Bapt., ord., Dec. 11th, at Chase, Mich.

Cresswell, R. J., United Presb., ord., Dec. 27th, at Meredith, N. Y.

Debolt, William, Bapt., ord., Dec. 12th, at Sharon, Ind.

De Forest, H. S., Cong., inst., Jan. 4th, at Council Bluffs, Ia.

Erickson, Mr., Bapt., ord., Dec. 11th, at Stanfield, Minn.

Heintz, George, Luth., inst., at Crown Point, Ind.

Heath, J. H., Presb., ord., Dec. 19th, at Wolcott, Ia.

Harrer, P., Luth., inst., at Maple Station, Ind.

Hellegg, H. H., Presb., inst., Sept. 24th, in Dexter and Guthrie, Ia.

Marshall, Lyman, Presb., inst., Dec. 21st, at Lebanon, Ill.

McIntire, C. C., Cong., of Michigan, inst., Dec. 28th, at Rockport, Mass.

Patton, George, Presb., inst., Dec. 28th, in third church, Rochester, N. Y.

Plumb, A. H., Cong., inst., Jan. 4th, at Walnut-avenue church, Boston Highlands, Mass.

Stephenson, James P., Bapt., ord., Dec. 7th, at Paw Paw, Mich.

Stouffer, Samuel, Luth., inst., Dec. 26th, at West Salisbury, Pa.

Stormont, S. R., Reformed Presb., ord., in Ohio, for Tennessee.

CALLS.

Alden, Willis, Bapt., to Santa Rosa, Cal.

Andrews, George W., Cong., to Collinsville, Ct.

Bacon, J., Bapt., of Bolton, Mass., to West Bridgewater, Mass.

Barrows, W. C., Bapt., of North Berwick, Me., to Waltham, Mass.

Battler, Amory, Univ., of Bangor, Me., to Unit. church at West Newton, Mass.

Bernstein, C. B., Luth., of Gibsonville, N. C., to Concord, N. C.

Besson, W. H., Presb., of Boston, to New Boston, N. H.

Bissell, Charles H., Cong., of Owasso, Minn., to Blue Earth, Minn.

Booth, C. M., Bapt., of New York, to Middletown, Ct.

Brown, James Hutchings, Epis., to Grace church, Albany, N. Y.

Cary, J. H., Bapt., of Farrington, Mich., to Byron, Mich.

Chapman, Elias, Cong., of North Reading, Mass., to Sanford, Me.

Chittenden, J. A., Cong., to Pescadero, Cal.

Claggett, E. B., Cong., of Nashua, N. H., to Fairfield, Ct.

Coer, Charles T., Epis., to Binghamton, N. Y.

Davis, Thomas, Bapt., of Tabery, to North Malin, N. Y.

Edwards, Joseph S., Presb., of East Cleveland, O., to Whitehall, Ill.

Fessenden, C. F., Bapt., to Rives Junction, Mich.

Fish, Edward F., Presb., of Carbondale, Ill., to Duquoin City, Ill.

Gordon, R., Luth., of Mechanicsburg, Pa., to Erie, Pa.

Hazen, Mr., Cong., of Lee, Mass., to Goshen, Ct.

Herbst, S. E., Luth., of Blain, to New Cumberland, Pa.

Herron, A. J., Luth., of Topeka, Kan., to Hagerstown, Md.

Hersman, W. S., Presb., of Missouri, to Berlin, Md.

Hewitt, C. A., Bapt., of Norristown, Pa., to Girard, Ill.

Hill, William B., Bapt., to Virdon, Ill.

Hobbs, William, Bapt., of La Harpe, to Bloomfieldville, Ill.

Hoffmeier, I. F., Reformed (German), of Landisburg, Pa., to Bloomsburg, Pa.

Hoffmeier, Reinhold E., Epis., of Milford, Mass., to Quincy, Mass.

Hubbell, W., Bapt., of West Roxbury, Mass., to Franklin-street church, Somerville, Mass.

Huecker, B. R., Reformed (German), to La Crosse, Wis.

Hungerford, Mr., Cong., of Colchester, Ct., to Meriden, Ct. Accepts.

Kerr, John, Presb., of Pittsburg, Pa., to Wood Run, Pa.

Kinne, Niles, Bapt., of Pittsfield, Ill., to Carthage, Ill.

Lang, W. W., Luth., of Wooster, O., to Mount Vernon, O.

Lawrence, D. W., Luth., to Avoca, N. Y.

Love, John, Jr., Bapt., of New York, to Calvary church, Albany, N. Y.

Magie, David, D.D., Presb., of Penn Yan, N. Y., to First church, Rochester, N. Y.

Martin, A. G., Presb., of Avilla, to Princeton, Ind.

Mathes, A. R., Presb., of Wilton, Ia., to Shannesteown, Ill.

Matlock, D., Bapt., to Carbondale, Ill.

McCloud, C. S., Bapt., of Jefferson, Texas, to Winchester, Tenn.

Meade, Nelson P., Epis., of Emmanuel, Md., to Atchison, Kan.

Mellish, T. J., Bapt., to Milford, O.

Miller, D. Henry, D. D., Bapt., of Elizabeth, N. J., to Worthen-street church, Lowell, Mass.

Myers, B. F., Presb., of Baltimore, to Snow Hill, Md.

Murphy, Robert A., D. D., Bapt., of Salem, N. J., to Des Moines, Ia.

Murphy, R. Heber, Epis., of St. Mary's County, to Baltimore, Md.

Orr, M., Luth., of Lockport, N. Y., to Mechanicsburg, Pa. Accepts.

Pentecost, George F., Bapt., of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Warren-street church, Boston.

Porineus, John, Epis., of Plymouth, Ind., to Charlton, Ia.

Rees, J. M., Luth., of Barton, Ia., to Hastings, Ia.

Root, J. L., Presb., to Shelbyville, Ill.

Ross, O. A., Cong., of Lincoln, Cal., to Lockeford, Cal.

Sawyer, W. W., Bapt., to Columbia church, Cincinnati, O.

Schaff, W. N., D. D., Luth., to West Milton, N. Y.

Schmidt, C., Luth., to Canfield, O.

Shaw, D. C., Presb., of Wilmington, Del., to Springfield, Ill.

Starr, M. B., Cong., to Lincoln, Cal.

Steen, M. D. A., Presb., of Vevay, Ind., to Solon, O.

Stuart, Albert R., Epis., of South Carolina, to Chilicothe, O.

St. John, S. N., Luth., to Grasshopper Falls, Ill.

Swain, A. M., Bapt., of Fairfield, to Rochester, Mich.

Thompson, Hugh Miller, D. D., Epis., to Christ church, New York.

Thomas, R. W., Bapt., of Johnstown, Pa., to Second church, Scranton, Pa.

Tower, F. E., Bapt., of Amherst, Mass., to Brighton, Mass. Accepts.

Walker, G. L., Bapt., of Waterville, Kan., to White Rock, Kan.

Ware, J. W. F., Unit., of Baltimore, to Music Hall Society, Boston.

Whetstone, A. M., Luth., of Mercersburg, Pa., to Somerset, Pa.

Wilson, T. M., Presb., to Hamlet, Ill.

Worthing, W. A., Bapt., of Woodville, to Westminster, Mass.

Wright, William C., Bapt., of McGregor, Ia., to High-street church, Pawtucket, R. I.

REMOVALS.

Barrington, Mr., Univ., of Troy, N. Y.

Bates, S. L., Cong., of Underhill, Vt.

Bingham, G. W., D.D., Cong., of Old South church, Boston. Seventy years old.

Borches, T. F., Bapt., of Marengo, Mich.

Bourne, J. R., Cong., of West Rutland, Vt.

Childs, George, Cong., of Free church, North Attleborough, Mass.

Fisk, J. B., Cong., of Manistee, Mich.

Ghern, P., Luth., of Addison, Pa.

Harris, George, Jr., Cong., of Auburn, Me.

Hepworth, George H., Cong., of New York. Change of views.

Hickcroft, John V., Cong., of Grand Blanc, Mich.

Hummer, S. A., Presb., of Dumont and Monticello, Ill.

Kirby, Mr., Primitive Meth., of Lowell, Mass.

Leacock, Dr., Epis., of Church of the Epiphany, New York.

Macomber, W. W., Presb., of Virginia, Nev.

Mills, S. W., Reformed (Dutch), of Port Jervis, N. Y. Ill health.

McNair, Daniel, Southern Presb., of Thibodeaux, La.

McNeil, W. R., Bapt., of Bridgeton, N. J.

McNeile, R. G. S., Cong., of East church, New Haven Ct.

Peet, Edward W., D.D., of Holyoke, Mass.

Richardson, N., Cong., of Strafford, Vt. Lack of support.

Ryan, G. W., Bapt., of Chatham, Mass.

Timmins, Mr., Unit., of Brighton, Mass.

Wild, Daniel, Cong., of Brookneld, Vt.

Young, A. H., Presb., of Oxford, O.

DEATHS.

Allen, L. W., Bapt., of Richmond, Va., Dec. 22d.

Clark, Perkins K., Cong., 60, of Charlemont, Mass., Jan. 4th.

Conant, W. M., Meth., Dec. 30th, of Milton, O.

Forrest, William F., Bapt., at Macomb, Ill., Dec. 12th.

Hollowell, A. B., Bapt., 77, of Terry, Miss., Dec. 1st.

Husband, Charles, Epis., 32, of Newtown, Ct., Dec. 20th.

Lintner, George A., D.D., Luth., 75, of Schoharie, N. Y., Dec. 21st.

Randall, Ephraim, Unit., of South Easton, Mass.

Ryan, W. M. D., D.D., Meth., of York, Pa., Jan. 4th.

Shepherd, S., Luth., of Goodman, Miss., Nov. 7th.

Spencer, William H., Bapt., 64, of Lincoln, Del., Nov. 30th.

Train, Arthur S., D.D., Bapt., 59, of Framingham, Mass., Jan. 2d.

Vaughan, Richard, Bapt., 88, of Newport, Dec. 21st.

Whitman, S. W., Bapt., 54, of Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 15th.

Willard, Erastus, Bapt., of Newport, R. I., Dec. 30th.

Wilson, James C., United Presb., of Beaver, Pa., to Third church, Philadelphia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rounds, Nelson, D.D., Meth., of Oregon, is chosen superintendent of schools in Washington Territory.

Van Kennanlinev, Dr., Epis., has entered on his duties as president of Hobart College.

Our Young Folks.

A WINTER SONG.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

WHERE does the Winter hide away ?"
My Darling asked, her eyes of blue
Fixed upon mine. "Where does he stay
All the long Spring and Summer through?

How can he keep his ice and snow
From getting melted in the sun?
I'm very glad he does, you know;
There wouldn't be a bit of fun

Without them. But I want to hear
Just how he does it. Let me sit
Upon your lap. Now, Auntie, dear,
Tell me about it—every bit."

So then I told my pet this tale:
When days grow warm and blue birds fly,
And Winter trembles; he turns pale,
And hurries to the mountains high.

There in a cave concealed he lies,
And, ogre-like, he tries to fling
His net, with sudden, swift surprise,
Over the pretty, passing Spring.

Sometimes her garment's airy flow
He clutches in his fingers grim;
But she is nimbler than her foe,
And laughs and mocks, escaping him,

And flies. Then Summer, with a leap,
Bounds forward. Her he dare not flout;
So rolls him up in clouds to sleep,
Nor ever ventures to peep out,

Until, her brief and ardent reign
Over, with vine-wreaths garlanded,
And hands heaped high with golden grain,
The gentle Autumn comes instead.

And then, ah! then, he laughs aloud—
A cruel laugh and full of glee;
And, tossing off the covering cloud,
He rises for all men to see.

First o'er the mountain's topmost peak
His snowy forehead comes in sight,
And then his cheeks, wild and bleak,
And then his eyes of flashing light.

And step by step adown the hill
He moves, toward the abodes of men;
The Autumn falters, pale and chill,
Is seized, is fettered in his den.

The flowers grow pale and droop and die;
The woods shake off their leaves for fear;
The butterflies and birds all fly;
And silence settles on the year.

Are you not sorry when they go?
Why do you laugh and shake your head?
Why do you love the winter so?
"'Cause I make snow-balls," Darling said.

Oh! philosophic eyes of blue,
Would that some older eyes I know
Could learn your secret—find, like you,
Sunshine in cloud and joy in snow!

THE SILVER CAN.

BY MISS H. L. H. WARD.

COLD! icy cold!
But the fir trees did not mind. In their warm winter coats (they wore ermine in cold weather, and were very aristocratic) they stood immovable, and looked down on common people. But the poor poplars and maples across the road swung their arms lustily, like vulgar teamsters, and shivered with cold.

The snow swept in great white waves over the box-borders of the flower-beds, over the fences, over the houses in the hollow, over the hills beyond, over everything, in fact. Its icy crust shone rose and yellow, then silvery white. It gleamed and glistened like a huge frosted cake.

Long icicles hung from the honeysuckle over the front door. How they *glittered*! Diamonds were nothing to them.

Where the sun went down behind that white hill great flames of red and crimson were shooting and darting and burning way up in the zenith. The poor maples and poplars reached up their cold bare arms; but they didn't grow warm at all.

A little girl in a blue gown, with a sober face close to the window-pane, saw all this, and a great deal more. May be the snow fairies beckoned to her. At least, the pretty parlor seemed hot and close, and she slipped from her chair and moved toward the door.

"Where are you going, Hetta?"

"Only on the hill, Grandma."

"Not to-night, dear; it is too cold."

The little girl turned, twisted the knob of the door fretfully, gave one look at the red clouds over the hills, then threw herself, with face to the wall, in a blue heap on the soft crimson lounge.

It was a very comfortable place for a cross little girl. A wonder of wonders it was that any child could be cross there. Such a pleasant parlor.

There was a big open fire, tall brass andirons, and brass-bound fender. Whole regiments of sparks rushed pell-mell up the dark chimney, while the lazy flame stayed comfortably below, and made hot love to back-log and fore-stick. A dark crimson carpet was on the floor. Flowers were in the south window; and a canary bird above them had just said good-night, and sleepily tucked his head under his wing. There was a little and a big rocking-chair; and there were chairs old-fashioned and straight, and well-worn embroidered stools, for the grand-children to sit upon. New books and the last magazine were on the table; and that was not all.

Dear, still faces were on the wall. They said nothing, and nobody talked to them; but their calm, quiet eyes were open, always. The great-grandmother, in her white turban and satin gown, looked down with sweet and stately graciousness; the grand father gravely watched his children as they came and went; while darling Aunt Cony fairly smiled when the last line of yellow light touched her lips and lingered tangled in her golden hair.

Could any child, in the bluest sort of a gown, and curled up in the most porcelain fashion, be cross long there?

The open fire, the flowers, the pictures, a piano in the corner—was that all? Oh! no; not all.

In a low rocking-chair, with warm firelight about her, sat the blessed grandmother. The silvery needles were still, and the thin hands (how many tears they have wiped away, how many little children they have comforted!) rested quietly on the gray woolen yarn.

I wish I could make you see her: in stately dignity a Roman matron, demanding respect; in loving kindness a German mother, all tenderness. Love fell from her lips and dropped from her fingers. It made the whole house warm, from garret to cellar.

While the grandmother sits in the firelight, the little heap of blue—very dark blue, indigo color by this time—is curled up in the darkest corner of the lounge, fumbling for her handkerchief, and fretting to herself.

"It is too mean. I know I am cross as ten bears; but I can't help it. Everything goes wrong. I was scolded in Latin; laughed at and scolded, too, when I went over the hedge, sliding down-hill. I don't care, though; I couldn't stop the old sled, and it was fun. I tore my dress, of course. Then that horrid composition—forty thousand words spelled wrong, and that's to be written over; and—and—I haven't had a letter from home for more than two weeks."

A slate-pencil and a piece of rubber fell on the floor, for the hankerchief left the pocket with a sudden jerk.

"I might have gone on the hill. That always keeps me a little decent. I shall be horrid hateful all the evening."

A crumpled composition fell on the floor, while a penknife slipped down in the back of the lounge, and was lost for the rest of the winter term: for there was another sudden call for the handkerchief.

"I wish I could get out of the room. I won't cry like a silly goose here."

The grandmother's needles had moved very slowly for a long time. They stopped when the slate-pencil fell on the floor. Grandma's eyes were growing old; but the faculty they still had for seeing things was truly remarkable.

Soon the ball of gray yarn fell softly on the floor and rolled under the lounge; but the blue heap in the dark corner never moved.

Grandmother had left the rocking-chair. She laid the sock on the table. A needle fell, and stitches were dropped; but nobody sprang from the lounge to pick up the needle and the fallen stitches. There was a soft step across the room, and grandmother opened the piano. The blue ball stirred a little. It generally opened the piano for grandmother.

The dear thin fingers went softly over the keys, and a low, tender voice began singing an old, old hymn:

"I saw the righteous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes."

One verse. The blue ball moved.

The second verse. It wasn't a blue ball any more; but a little girl, reaching after a crumpled composition and a slate-pencil. The rubber was under the table, out of sight. Katie swept it up next morning, and it went into the dust-box in the woodshed.

The third verse. Grandmother's fingers lingered on the last notes, and the room was very still.

"Please do go on," said the small child, sitting up straight on the end of the lounge, where the firelight rested. "Don't stop. Some more, please."

The grandmother smiled softly and the fingers now ran lightly over the keys, and the dear voice began gayly:

"'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town."

Now the small girl in blue was neither a Hottentot nor a heathen; nor at her tender age fully prepared "for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." Latin lessons, torn gowns, compositions, even the no letters from home were utterly forgotten. The lounge was deserted, and a little stool was dragged into the full blaze of the firelight, close to the darling grandmother.

It was wonderful the way that child's gown changed from indigo to real sky-blue.

"Now, please sing 'Come under my plaidie' and 'Gaffer Grey'; and you will sing 'Auld Robin Grey.' Now won't you, please? Do, please, Grandma."

"All of them at once, dear?" And grandma's hand slipped from the keys to the child's shoulder.

"No." You know what I mean—one after the other; and 'Auld Robin Grey' last, as peaches and cream for dessert."

Once more the ever-patient, willing hands touched the ivory keys, while the child, with head resting against the grandmother's black gown, and eyes on the open fire, listened; now comfortably hating the faithless lady love; now shivering and sorrowing with poor Gaffer Grey; then, as the last verse of the last song ended, in a delightful state of bliss at the final good fortune of Jamie.

"Grandma, it is delicious!"

"Nonsense, child! You only want to comfort your old grandmother, and cheat her into thinking she is young again; so you flatter her up and praise her old-fashioned songs."

"No, indeed. It is honest true, every word. Nobody sings like you. Nobody is like you, anyway."

"So you do love your old grandmother a little. I am an old woman now. When I was young—when I was young" (the grandmother's voice was clear and sweet; but there was a sigh in it somewhere) "then they used to praise my songs. Your grandfather liked them; but I did not know it at first. He wouldn't compliment me, as other people did; but I found it out, somehow." And the grandmother's thin lips, with many a line of care around them, broke into a smile arch and sweet; and the dim old eyes had a strange light in them. Was she really so old? Wasn't there a mistake somewhere? The light faded. It was growing dark. "I can't sing now. I'm old; but I am glad if I can please my little granddaughter. You may shut the piano, dear." And the old lady rose and returned to the low rocking-chair.

The child carefully closed the instrument, then turned to the fireplace, bending over it, coaxing the black brands, till her face was flushed; and at last the flames rushed up the chimney. Then she took down a little brush, with a green vine painted on the long handle, from its brass knob, and swept the hearth neat and clean. That done, and the broom hung again in its place, she seated herself on the rug at her grandmother's feet.

"That is all right, I think. Now let's talk."

"What shall we talk about, dear?"

"About when you were a young lady. Oh! tell about La Fayette's being here in town. No; I heard that last time. Oh! Grandma, tell me about my silver can. I have known the story ever since I was a wee little girl; but *you* never told it to me, and I want to hear it straight from you, so as to have it from headquarters, to remember always. Begin way back, and put in all the little bits."

"You ought to know it, and you shall hear it just as your great-grandmother—my blessed mother—told me the story. You may bring me the can, dear. It is in the closet, on the lower shelf."

A streak of blue flashed across the crimson carpet, opened the closet door, and out came an odor of apples and pears, quinces and lemons, hard sugar, gingerbread, and plum-cake. Do all grandmothers have such parlor closets, with just such Thanksgiving-day sweetness shut up in them all the year round?

The grandmother took the silver can, and slowly turned it over in her hands and looked on the under side.

"It is an old, old cup, Hetta; many times older than your old grandmother." Her hand pointed slowly to the letters as she read by the firelight from the bottom of the can:

"From M. L.,
to
from B. L.,
to
from M. L.,
to
M. L. H."

"They stand for your grandmother's names."

"But I don't see yours. Why isn't yours down?"

"I didn't have the name, you know, so your great-grandmother gave it to her granddaughter—your mother. The name was Mehetable; but we always called your mother Hetta."

"And tell me, Grandmother, the first M. L.—does that stand for the little girl with the story?"

"No, dear. All the names are not there. I suppose they did not care so much for the cup at first, so the names were not put down till later."

"I wish I had them all. Now the story. Begin, please." And the blue heap curled itself up closer to the black gown, while the grandmother's eyes rested on the open fire, as if she saw strange, quaint figures in the nodding flames, and the story began.

"Once upon a time, when this country was first settled, there was a good man who lived with his family not far from Newichawannock River. He had two daughters."

"Both of them wonderfully beautiful and good, of course, Grandmother?"

"The story doesn't say. You can think they were, if it is any comfort. They were young and happy, and there is always something pleasant in a happy young face, be it ever so homely."

"If it has bad eyes, a crooked nose, and a forehead way up to the sky?"

"Yes; if it has a happy look. Young people always have something sweet in their faces, if they only keep them sunny."

"That means, I mustn't fret. I understand. Go on, please."

"In those old times the vessels with stores from England always went to Boston. If you wanted a new gown or a ribbon for your bonnet, you must go to Boston for it; and that was a long journey through the wilderness. One of the two daughters was to be married. Of course, the father must go to Boston for the wedding-gown and all the pretty things for the bride. Before he left, he called his other daughter, and asked what he should bring her from town. Did she want a satin gown or a piece of silver? She chose a piece of silver."

"A wonderfully sensible young woman! She knew satin gowns wore out, I suppose. But it must have been a little hard for her not to have had one to wear at the wedding, when she could have had it only for the asking. Well, what next?"

"The white satin was bought for the bride, and the silver can for her sister. The wedding passed off happily, and the younger sister made herself so attractive that another wedding was to follow soon."

"She had the solid charms, I suppose—silver and sense, without the satin gown. It was dreadfully poky and proper in her to choose the silver; but I'll try to forgive her! I hope she liked pretty things a little bit, if she was one of my great-grandmothers."

"She married," continued the grandmother, "a Mr. Goodwin, who lived at Execution."

"What a horrid place to take a bride! I wonder she didn't dream of Bluebeard every night."

"They lived there very happily for many years. The few Indians in the region were friendly, and the pleasant home was full of little children. One Sunday morning—"

"Oh! now, you have come to the story-Go on."

"If you will only let me, child. One Sabbath morning, the father, Mr. Goodwin, in his best Sunday suit, stood by his horses in front of his house, waiting for his family. The church was miles away—too far for the family to walk, and they could not all ride. That morning they were all going except one little girl, less than eight years old."

"And that little girl's name was Hetta?"

"Not so fast, my dear. I am not so certain of that. I have heard something about its being Sally; but I don't know surely."

"Grandma, I shall always believe to my dying day her name was Hetta. What is the use of having a silver can with a story, and giving it only to the Hettas, if that little girl's name wasn't Hetta? Sally! I don't believe a word of it!"

"You shall call her Hetta, if you wish to. That morning they were all going to church, except little Sally."

"Except little Hetta, Grandma."

"Well, then, except little Hetta. As Mr. Goodwin stood alone by his horses, on the bright, still Sunday morning, one of his neighbors came driving up, hurriedly.

"'Were you going to meeting to-day, Neighbor Goodwin?' he said.

"'I always go with my household when the Lord's day comes,' answered Mr. Goodwin.

"'You had better stay at home to-day,' said his neighbor.

"'Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together,' replied the good man.

"'But you see, neighbor, they say Lightfoot and his gang of robbers are hanging around in Negutaqua woods; and they know you have a store of silver, and intend to search your house to-day.'

"Mr. Goodwin's face fell.

"'It is only a friendly warning, neighbor. I'm going to meeting myself; I han't nothing to tempt 'em. Good morning, neighbor, and he rode on. Now Mr. Goodwin was a good man."

"But good men don't want their silver stolen, Grandmother."

"That is true, dear; and I don't think they like to leave their little daughters alone in danger. That is why his face was very sober for a little; but it cleared soon. Maybe he thought the silver and gold were the Lord's, and that he could take care of it all. Maybe he remembered some one who held little children in his arms, and who loved his little girl better than he could; and then thought to himself he had not trusted that Saviour for more than thirty years, only to doubt him now.

"When the family were all ready to start to church, Mr. Goodwin walked slowly back up the path to the doorstep, where his little daughter sat, caught her in his arms, kissed her, and said: 'Be a good child, dear. If any persons come, treat them kindly.' And the good man put down the child, turned and went with his family to the Lord's house, and worshiped God with his people, according to the commandment."

"And little Hetta, Grandma?"

"She sat on the doorstep, in the sunshine, and learned her Bible verses. She had just finished them when she heard the latch of the gate click. She looked up, and saw half a dozen men entering the yard. Down went her book, and away she ran flying over the path to meet them, holding out both hands.

"'Oh! I am so glad you've come. It was growing dreadfully lonesome; for they are all gone to meeting, you know. Papa told me you were coming, and I was to be polite or very good to you; something like that he said. You'll come right in the front room and make yourselves comfortable. Can't I do something for you? It's Sunday, and mother always has good things cooked for Sunday. You will have something to eat? Father won't like it if I don't give you something; and mother won't either. I know just how mother sets the table for company, and I would love to do it for you.'

"So the wee little housekeeper bustled about to get dinner for her company. She got out the best linen tablecloth and the best china, that came over the ocean—a wedding present from England. She filled this can with sweet cider, and placed it for the one who sat at the head of the table. The silver teapot and sugar-bowl, all the silver spoons, big and little, went on the table, to make it look bright and fine. She stood and looked at it with great satisfaction. It was like company—just as mother had it.

"There were plenty of good things to eat—cold meat, fresh bread, brown and white, Indian pudding, pies, and doughnuts. 'If they could only wait,' she thought, 'I could make them some tea.' But no, they were in a hurry.

"She sat in her mother's place at table with great dignity at first; but soon slipped down to get some cold water, then some more bread, and then flew from one to another, waiting upon them, coming back generally to the handsome man they called 'Captain,' who sat at the head of the table and drank from this cup. He would throw his arm about her and pet her, till away she flew to wait upon some one, or to bring another pie or plate of doughnuts.

"At last the hungry men were all satisfied, and one of them rose from his seat, and, pushing the child rudely away who was offering him something more, said gruffly, as he reached across the table, and began gathering up those large silver spoons you have at home, Hetta: 'We have had enough of this, I suppose. Let's take the silver, Captain, and clear.'

"Little Hetta's eyes began to grow very big and scared; and she shrank back frightened, then ran to the Captain for protection. He threw his arm around her, while with his right hand he drew a pistol, and turned to his men, saying:

"'The first that lays his hand on one thing in this house is a dead man. We have been treated too kindly. You have my orders. Now, go!'

"Sullenly, but quietly, the men left the house. The Captain lifted the child in his arms, kissed her, and, last of all, he too walked down the worn path. The little gate opened and shut. They were gone. Not a thing was touched, not a silver salt-spoon taken."

"Splendid! wasn't it, Grandmother?"

"Yes. It is safe to trust the Lord."

"That's not all. Go on."

"The years went by quietly. Neighbor Goodwin went to church Sundays; and little Hetta minded her mother, set tables, washed dishes, worked samplers, and learned her catechism. Now and then came rumors of some daring burglary, then of a horrible murder and robbery on the highway by Lightfoot and his gang. At last the news came that the famous robber was captured and tried, and was to be hung at Portsmouth.

"Neighbor Goodwin's spirit was moved within him for the poor man's soul.

"'Wife,' said he, that night, 'he must have had a kind heart once.' Then, after a little:

"'Wife, I am going to Portsmouth in the morning.'

"'Do, John,' she answered.

"Then the house was still, and Neighbor Goodwin slept a good man's sleep, sound and sweet, till morning.

"Just as the sun came over the hills, he stooped from his saddle to kiss his little daughter, who, clinging about his neck, whispered:

"'Give him my love, Father! O! I'm so sorry!'

"And Goodman Goodwin rode on through the solitary forests to Portsmouth.

"When he reached the town, he fastened and foddered his horse, and then slowly walked to the jail.

"'It is no use,' said the keeper, when Mr. Goodwin made known his request. 'You can do him no good. The parson's been and gone. He has given him up. The man is the most hardened sinner I ever saw, and I was keeper in England ten years before I came to the Colonies. He is sullen, and won't speak to parson or deacon, or even answer a civil question. Besides, he is a desperate case, and would think nothing of killing a man. I don't know as it is quite safe to lock you up alone with him.'

"'I am always safe in the Lord's hands,' Mr. Goodwin answered; 'besides, I have a message for him.'

"'The risk be on your own head, if you will go; but you won't do him any good.'

"The turnkey slowly led the way, unfastened the cell. The door shut, the lock turned, and he was alone with the robber, who sat sullenly on the side of his bed and did not lift his eyes. Mr. Goodwin went to him.

"'I heard you were in trouble,' he said, 'and I couldn't stay away. I wanted to thank you for your kindness to my little daughter.'

"The sullen man raised his dull eyes, and when he heard the child's message to him his wicked, hard face softened strangely.

"'Heaven bless her,' he said. 'Others treated me like a brute till I became one; she believed in me, trusted me. God knows I couldn't have harmed her.'

"Mr. Goodwin had found a way to the hard man's heart, and, having found it, he talked to him earnestly, like a good Christian, as he was. Lightfoot took it kindly, and, when Mr. Goodwin rose to go, he grasped the offered hand, and said:

"'I might have led a different life had any man ever trusted me as that child did.' Then, hesitating: 'If—if—if I only—could see her before—before—'

"'I'll bring her to-morrow,' said Mr. Goodwin, quickly, not waiting for him to end his sentence."

"He meant before he was hung, didn't he, Grandma?"

"Yes," said Grandmother. "Mr. Goodwin rode home to Execution that night. The next morning he was on his horse again, and his little daughter sat before him on the saddle. So they went over the hills and through the dark, sad woods to Portsmouth.

"What they did and said in that prison-cell I don't know. Little Hetta came out with great sad eyes and a white, still face. After they left the town, she leaned her head back against her father and sobbed, and sobbed, and sobbed. He could only hold his arm about her fast, and say: 'Hush, dear,' and let her cry on. So they rode through the black, gloomy woods, over the hills, home again. I think the Lord took that ride as a sort of prayer. They say he died penitent."

"He was hung, then, Grandmother?"

"Yes. Mr. Goodwin saw him several times. He seemed really sorry for his evil life."

"And you think he went to Heaven, Grandma?"

"We hope so, dear. We know our Saviour once pardoned a dying thief."

The child sat still a moment.

"Grandma, she did a great deal."

"Yes," said Grandmother, "a little girl with a little love."

The blue gown was very still a long time. The child's eyes were going way into the bed of coals on the hearth.

The grandmother said nothing more; but the thin, gentle hand, stroking the child's hair, said a great deal. It was too much for the little girl. She whirled out from under it, turned round square, and looked up in the dark toward her grandmother.

"I was just horrid; and you knew it all the time, Grandma, only you wouldn't say so. I had no business to be cross and sulk when you said I couldn't go. I had no business to bang the door and be hateful; and you are the blessedest grandmother, and I'll never, never—"

What she was never to do, and how much hugging and kissing was lost to the world just then nobody ever knew; for the outside door shut heavily and the parlor door opened, letting in a great puff of cold air and Uncle August's greatcoat.

"Why, Mother, you here in the dark! Why don't you light the lamp, Hetta? I have two letters for you—one from your father and one from your brother. You are dreadfully dismal—fire all down. You should look after your grandmother better, and make it bright and cheerful for her."

He took a lamplighter from the vase on the mantelshelf and held it to the red coals till a tongue of flame shot up, then turned and lighted the lamp, while the child on the rug tore open her letters.

Two minutes later she bent over them with an amazingly happy face.

"Why, Mother," said Uncle August, as he turned from dropping the burned end of the lamplighter into the fireplace, "look at that child's dress! I thought blues were always ugly in the evening; but that's a genuine sky-blue. No, it's paler, more like that embroidered thing Charlotte's Willy wears over his white dresses. It's a real baby-blue!"

"I WONDER," said a gentleman at a dinner-party, "why Bonaparte should choose a watchmaker to be his private secretary?" "Oh!" exclaimed another, "he required him to make minutes."

Pebbles.

A MR. WELSH was the Congregational minister at Amesbury, Mass., two or three generations ago. On one occasion he was called on to marry a rustic couple. According to his custom, he began with: "Please join your right hands." Thereupon the groom, with his right hand, takes the bride's left. "Please join your *right* hands." The groom, a little confused, lets go his grasp, and with his left hand takes the bride's right. "Your *right* hands! Please join your *right* hands!" The groom thinks a moment, lets go his grasp again, and, turning around, seizes his bride with *both* hands—her right with his left, her left with his right—and exclaims, "*Now I've got her.*"

....An ignorant, conceited fellow got aboard a steamer on Lake Huron. After standing on deck awhile among the crowd, and seeing the captain approach, he inquired: "What is the name of this lake?" "The Lake Huron." "Yes, sir," replied the man. But the captain going no further, the stranger said: "Well, what is the name of the lake?" "The Lake Huron," answered the captain. "I want to know what lake I'm on. What's its name?" "Well, sir," said the captain, "the name of the lake you're on is the Lake Huron. Does that satisfy you?" The crowd were now smiling quite audibly, and the man walked on, muttering low to himself: "The lake I'm on is the lake I'm on. That's a polite captain, that is!"

....We have tidings from Boston of a clergyman of Massachusetts who, on exchange, preached in a brother's pulpit. Taking up a note which he found when he opened the Bible, he read that Brother A. requested the prayers of the church, that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, etc. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification, he found that the note had lain in the pulpit a year, while the bereaved gentleman was on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation!

....Parson: "What's a miracle?" Boy: "Dunno." Parson: "Well, if the sun were to shine in the middle of the night, what should you say it was?" Boy: "The moon." Parson: "But, if you were told it was the sun, what should you say it was?" Boy: "A lie." Parson: "I don't tell lies. Suppose I told you it was the sun, what would you say then?" Boy: "That yer wasn't sober!"

....The following epitaph is to be found in the church of Areley Kings, near Stourport: "Here lieth the body of William Walsh, gentleman, who died the third day of November, 1703, aged eighty-six, son of Michael Walsh, of Great Shelsley, who left him a fine estate in Shelsley, Hartlebury, and Areley; who was ruinated in his estate by three Quakers, two lawyers, and a fanatic to help them."

....A candy-boy, passing through a car, saluted a cross old gentleman with "Pop-corn, pop-corn!"

"Hain't got any teeth," angrily replied the man.

"Gum-drops, gum-drops!" persisted the enterprising lad.

....This is the way a Troy reporter congratulated a friend on his marriage:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of his life,
Rashly importunate,
Taken a wife."

....A Chicago actor, who was greatly given to the "flowing bowl," was locally alluded to as a living specimen of the mellow drammer.

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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, January 18th, 1872.

PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS AND REMOVALS.

A BILL has been reported in the House by Mr. Willard, of Vermont, not only adopting the rules proposed by the Civil Service Commission, but also declaring that the tenure of office of all appointees shall be permanent during good behavior, except when the appointments have been made for a specified period or are limited by law; that no person engaged in the civil service, not included in these exceptions, shall be removed or dismissed therefrom, except for misconduct or unfaithfulness, or inefficiency in the discharge of his duties; and that all such removals, with their reasons, shall be annually reported to Congress. The object aimed at by this feature of the bill is to impose a restraint upon the action of the President and the heads of departments in making removals from office. The Civil Service Commission wisely avoided this point by confining their rules to the manner of making appointments, and submitting no suggestions in respect to the question of removal.

The Constitution expressly says that the President "shall nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are herein not otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law." The President can create no offices under the Federal Government; yet, when they have been established, either by the Constitution or by the laws of Congress, then it is his constitutional right and duty to appoint their incumbents, with the advice and consent of the Senate. Congress cannot dispossess him of this general power, either directly or indirectly, since it is a constitutional function of his office. The only qualification of the power is the one which the Constitution itself makes, when it says that "Congress may by law vest the appointment of such *inferior* officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments." In all cases in which Congress has passed no law to this effect it is the duty of the President to make the appointments, subject to the advice and consent of the Senate. The Senate has no power to originate any appointments, since its constitutional action is confined to the approval or rejection of those made by the President.

As to the question of removals from office, by the President, the unanimous voice of the judiciary, uttered at different times for three-quarters of a century, is that the constitutional power of removal is necessarily incident to that of appointment, except when the Constitution itself makes it otherwise. The first Congress that met after the adoption of the Constitution had a lengthy and exhaustive debate on this question, and came to the conclusion that the right was vested in the President by the Constitution of the United States. This construction has been the uniform sense and usage of the country; and no legislative effort has ever been made to curtail the President's power of removal, except by the Tenure-of-Office Bill, passed March 2d, 1867, to place the treacherous Andrew Johnson under restraint. This was a political measure designed to serve a special purpose, of doubtful constitutionality, to say the least, and not at all in accordance with the construction which had been uniformly given to the Constitution.

Congress, undoubtedly, may create offices by law, and fix the terms of service for the appointees thereof; but, when no such terms are fixed, then the question of removal is plainly one of which the appointing power is the constitutional judge. This results as a necessary corollary from the appointment itself. Congress in such a case has no jurisdiction over the question, and cannot attempt to exercise any without interfering with the rights vested by the Constitution in the President. The bill of Mr. Willard, proposing that all appointees not appointed for a definite term shall held office during good behavior, is, in our judgment, unconstitutional. It is in theory an encroachment upon the powers of the President, as they have been repeatedly interpreted by the Federal judiciary; and this is certainly a good reason why no such bill should be passed.

The President, moreover, as the executive head of the Government, and not Congress, is made responsible for the execution of the laws and the selection of the proper persons to act as his administrative subordinates. To these persons a great variety of trusts must be committed. They are virtually the assistants and deputies of the President; and, hence, while they receive their appointment from him, they should be subject to his authoritative supervision, and hold their respective offices at his discretion. If they do not, in his judgment, answer the purpose of their appointment, he ought to have the power of summary removal, without any responsibility for the exercise thereof, except that which public sentiment creates and enforces. It would be practically a very grave mistake for Congress to undertake in any way to hamper his action in respect to those who hold office under him. It would weaken the President's power for good, and make his appointees too independent of him to be properly subject to his control.

Congress, we trust, will not do so foolish a thing as to give legal effect to this feature of Mr. Willard's bill. We believe it to be unconstitutional; and, if it were not, it would be more likely to retard than promote the interests of reform in the civil service. While aiming to prevent the President from making removals on political grounds, it would create more evils than it avoids. There is no necessity for any such bill, provided Congress shall see fit to adopt the rules of the Civil Service Commission in respect to the manner of making appointments. These rules, by divorcing appointments from political reasons, destroy all motive for removals on the ground of such reasons, and thus gain the end without interfering with the constitutional rights of the President.

MR. HEPWORTH.

MR. HEPWORTH has burned his bridges. In taking his new departure, he has left nobody in doubt as to which way he is going. This was, indeed, the only right thing to do. Occupying, as he did, a conspicuous position in the religious world, if any change in the tenor of his teaching was to be made, it ought to be made with distinctness and emphasis.

Mr. Hepworth's own history of the modification of his faith is, at least, intelligible. He declares that he has found in his own religious experience the need of an element that was not furnished him by the faith which he had held from his childhood; and that in his preaching he was constantly troubled with the feeling that the truths he taught were lacking in cogency. He needed a gospel more objective in its character, more positive in its announcements. To men entangled and overwhelmed with sin, who came to him asking what they must do to be delivered from the bondage of appetite and passion, an examplar or a teacher was not enough to offer; he must show show them a Redeemer. And this Redeemer must be one who through his humanity could understand their need, and through his perfect divinity could supply it. He must the One to whom all power in Heaven and on earth belongs. He dared not ask any soul to trust himself in the hands of one who was not at once the perfect man and the infinite God.

Such, as we understand him, were the reasons that led him to a faith in the deity of Jesus Christ, and caused him to withdraw from a denomination in which this faith must be disavowed, or but imperfectly expressed. For our own part, we do not conceive that we have any right to go behind this statement of his own in search of a meaner motive. Mr. Hepworth comes of his own accord to the platform on which THE INDEPENDENT stands; he gives us reasons for coming which are perfectly clear, and we are not disposed to challenge them. Men have gone from time to time from the Evangelical denominations over to the Unitarian fold; and THE INDEPENDENT has never brought against them a railing accusation, but has always bidden them go in peace. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

The treatment which Mr. Hepworth has received at the hands of the organ of the Unitarians in this city is anything but generous. In a bitter article which appeared in the *Liberal Christian* of last week his motives are impeached, and his Christian character is assailed with startling accusations. If these charges are true, it is a little strange that they had not been made before, and that the public had not before now been warned against this man. It is a suspicions fact that they are kept secret until Mr. Hepworth is ready to leave the Unitarian denomination. So long as this "sensationalism," of which complaint is made, brought grist to the Unitarian hopper, it was, at least, tolerated; the moment its tolls are gathered elsewhere it is denounced.

The spirit of this article may be gathered from a sentence or two:

"We are not among those who regret Mr. Hepworth's desertion. With his popular gifts and his external attractions he had been steadily demoralizing the standard of the Unitarian ministry, and preaching, by a sensational, mesmeric style of self-exhibition, an appeal to a wishy-washy sentimentality and to vulgar prejudices, abusing a culture he did not possess, speaking lightly of theological science any knowledge of which he honestly disclaimed, and using popular Orthodox phrases in a delusive and confusing way."

An editorial note launches at the deserter the following poisoned shaft:

"An anxious friend inquires: 'What is to become of the Unitarian body without George H. Hepworth, and of the country without James Fisk, Jr.' We give it up. Time will tell."

Is this "Liberal Christianity"? We have often had reason to speak in the highest praise of the *Liberal Christian* and its conductors; but it does not commend itself or its cause to the favor of candid men by exhibitions of a temper like this. In marked contrast with these intolerant utterances is the sermon of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., preached last Sunday, and reported in full in the Boston *Transcript*. Dr. Clarke argues against Mr. Hepworth's position, and exposes what he regards as inconsistencies in his conduct; but his language is kind, and he does not condescend to any such abusive comparisons as the one quoted above.

Mr. Hepworth preached last Sunday to crowded congregations in Steinway Hall. It is not his intention, as has been announced, to join the Orthodox Congregationalists; he will not connect himself with any denomination, but will organize a religious society in New York, to be called the Church of the Disciples, upon the basis of evangelical truth. He hopes to build a plain and spacious church, in which he may preach the Gospel to the rich and the poor; and his friends express the fullest confidence that he will not lack for means with which to realize this hope. A large number of the members of his old church will follow him.

THE FRENCH PRETENDERS AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

THE trade of a Pretender was never a very desirable one, and never less so than now. The upturning of old-established orders of things consequent on the French Revolution of 1789, which followed our own as a corollary, has made thrones much harder to sit upon and crowns much less pleasant wearing than in the good old days of Divine Right. And especially the seekers after the crown of France have a painful road before them, with but a barren scepter at the end, even if they succeed in clutching it. That there is a large monarchical element in France, especially in the rural departments, is shown by the constitution of the present Assembly. In the distress to which the victories of the Prussians and the terror which the tramp of their approaching armies inspired in the provinces of the south and west the Assembly, suddenly called together to create an authority competent to make peace, was filled largely with men of high character and good social positions. To such men the populations, especially those of the rural districts and smaller cities, instinctively turned in the hour of their calamity. Of this body the Monarchists of all colors, and the moderate Republicans formed the larger half; the Republicans of the Gambetta hue, and of the still redder extremity of the Left, being able to make head only by uniting with the Republicans of the Center. These proportions, we doubt not, sufficiently well express the public sentiment of France. A firm and strong government is what the French people as a nation demand; and the only question which divides them is, whether a republic, of which the present provisional one is the type, or a constitutional monarchy under a descendant of their ancient kings, will best preserve order, protect property, and defend life.

It is with a king, or with the race of a king, as it is with a president who has had one term of office. They are equally possessed of the faith, as of the wish, that their term may come again; and are busy in planning, if not plotting, for the coming of that propitious day. The Bonapartists are active and unscrupulous, as they were in the palmy days of their master; but it is not likely that they can persuade the French people to blacken themselves again with that infamy, unless the terors of Communism and the *Internationale* should drive them into the arms of the elder branch, and willing to defend them. The choice lies between the Bourbons of the two branches and the Republic. If the latter form of government can be established by the existing Assembly, and be consolidated by the general consent, it may be the best solution of the vexed question. This is undoubtedly the plan of Thiers; and it may be carried into effect, provided his own life lasts long enough to enable him to confirm that of the Republic. But he is about seventy-five years of age, and the responsibilities and cares of his position may well help his years to bring him to his grave. What after him? Should the elements of disorder in the political atmosphere threaten a storm, and a popular election of a chief of the state be looked upon as dangerous to the peace and safety of the state, the opportunity of the old family may have arrived, if they have the courage and skill to seize it. The Assembly have precisely as much right to call the Comte de Chambord or the Comte de Paris to the throne that they had to make Thiers president—to wit, the exigency of the case and the necessities of the state. And this they will do if the possibility of a stable and strong republic has not been put beyond a doubt; and, also, provided the normal idiosyncrasy of French human nature to conspire against any established government and to endeavor to overthrow it do not prevail to scatter them too to the winds. It is the apprehension of some such popular *coup d'état* that makes the conservative majority of the Assembly set upon staying at Versailles, and the radical minority bent on getting back again to Paris.

Should such a crisis arrive, there will supervene the rival claims of the two branches of the House of Bourbon. The legitimate claims of the Comte de Chambord cannot be denied by any who regard the old law of succession. Indeed, it is understood that misfortune, which brings strange bedfellows together, has reconciled the heads of the two houses, the Comte de Paris agreeing to bide his time, and wait till the crown should come legally to him after the death of Henri V. But a possible fresh complication may arise to make this arrangement less satisfactory to the younger pretender. The late news tells of the illness and probable demise of the Comtesse de Chambord, who, the scandalous chronicle says, was selected for the wife of the heir of France because she was known to be incapable of bearing children. Should she die, there is nothing to hinder her husband, who is only in his fifty-second year, from marrying a more fruitful spouse, for raising up a line of kings that shall put the poor Comte de Paris's nose permanently out of joint. Whether it were any such apprehensions, or only the blood of his father in his veins, it is understood that the Duc d'Aumale was no favorer of this arrangement, which would put the succession a long way off from the Orleans line. He is the youngest but one of the sons of Louis Philippe, but by far the ablest of them all. Were he the next in succession of that family it is not unlikely that the choice might have fallen upon him. As it is, his chance of succeeding Thiers in the presidency, should it fall in soon, is good, and thereafter as may be. It is hard to understand how intelligent and able men can desire to rule over a nation so volatile, so changeable, so unscrupulous, and so cruel as the French have shown themselves to be. Nothing but the sternest sense of duty, one would think, could be strong enough to prompt to such a task. Still there are plenty of men ready to devote themselves for their country, for the pleasures of power, even if it be but for a season. The disentanglement of this complicated knot will be watched with a warm curiosity, if not with a deep interest, by all who wish France a happy issue out of her present afflictions.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON ON THE ONE-TERM PRINCIPLE.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, one of the brightest stars of the Revolutionary age, was a member of the Convention that drafted the Constitution of the United States. He was one of the writers of those memorable letters published soon after the adjournment of the Convention, and designed to explain the provisions of the Constitution and commend it to the confidence of the people. Number seventy-two of the "Federalist," written by Alexander Hamilton, contains his views "in regard to the re-eligibility of the President." The conclusion to which he comes, after canvassing the whole question, is expressed in the following words:

"There is an excess of refinement in the idea of disabling the people to continue in office men who had entitled themselves, in their opinion, to approbation and confidence; the advantages of which are at best speculative and equivocal, and are overbalanced by disadvantages far more certain and decisive."

For this opinion he gives five reasons, which we state as follows, without their amplification by the author:

"1. One ill effect of the exclusion (namely, from re-eligibility) would be a diminution of the inducements to good behavior.

"2. Another ill effect of the exclusion would be the temptation to sordid views, to peculation, and in some instances to usurpation.

"3. A third ill effect of the exclusion would be the depriving the community of the advantage of the experience gained by the Chief Magistrate in the exercise of his office.

"4. A fourth ill effect of the exclusion would be the banishing men from stations in which, in certain emergencies of the state, their presence might be of the greatest moment to the public interest or safety.

"5. A fifth ill effect of the exclusion would be that it would operate as a constitutional interdiction of stability in the Administration."

These points are expanded, and brought out in their full force, with the masterly ability and statesmanlike logic for which Alexander Hamilton was so distinguished. Those of our readers who feel an interest in this question, and can conveniently turn to the "Federalist," will receive no harm by perusing this letter from the pen of one of the profoundest thinkers of any age.

Senator Sumner, in his brief reply to the speech of Senator Conkling on the One-Term Principle, said last week: "Who in our history has arrayed himself on the side which the senator from New York represents to-day? What eminent statesman has placed his name on the question against the names of Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and Benjamin F. Wade? Who is the statesman? I know him not." Alexander Hamilton belongs to "our history," and certainly was an "eminent statesman." Before Senator Conkling was born he adopted the view which the honorable Senator maintained with so much zeal last week. Gouverneur Morris held the same view, and defended it in an elaborate speech delivered in the Federal Convention. The question came distinctly before the Convention, and was thoroughly argued; and the view held by a majority of the Convention was that neither a temporary nor perpetual exclusion from re-eligibility should be imposed upon the President. The people adopted the same view, as proved by their ratification of the Constitution; and from that day to this, with comparatively few exceptions, the view has been acceptable to the great body of the American people, including their eminent statesmen. The paucity of those who dissent from this doctrine, and the fact that no Congress has ever yet thought it worth while to submit the question to a vote of the states, added to the names of Alexander Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris constitute at least a respectable answer to the question of Senator Sumner.

We have not the slightest desire to impeach the motives of those who are now pleading for the One-Term Principle; yet their known and acknowledged opposition to the renomination of General Grant naturally impresses the public with the belief that hostility to him is, at least, a part of the *animus* of this movement. The people so understand it, and they cannot well do otherwise. And, so far as this may be the fact, the movement, as we have previously said, is to the last degree untimely and inopportune. The question itself is complicated by its assumed and seeming relations to a presidential campaign. This ought not to be. When the question is taken up, if ever, there should be no presidential nomination or election immediately pending.

POSTAGE ONE CENT.

A VERY good reason for the demand that one cent should be the established rate of postage on single letters is that this is just a fair compensation for the service. This is proved by the English experiment, which, charging one penny, or two cents, pays one-half of its gross receipts into the national treasury, as clear profit. As it was in England, so it would inevitably prove here, in a short time, provided the Government, as well as everybody else, is required to pay its own postage, abolishing the nuisance of franking. Already in England they are trying, with success, to get rid of the injustice of the penny rate. The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has denounced the idea of raising money for the government by a tax upon correspondence, as an odious thing. The Government has yielded the principle, by introducing postal cards, to be sent for a half-penny. But the evil of having all such letters sent open, for everybody to read, is becoming intolerable in many ways, and the whole scheme is a failure. The English are now trying another plan, which is to double the weight of the single letter, so that postage shall be a penny per ounce, instead of per half-ounce, and a penny half-penny for two ounces. The following is given as the present tariff of postage in England:

"For a letter not exceeding 1 ounce, 1*d.*; exceeding 1 ounce, but not exceeding 2 ounces, 1½*d.*; exceeding 2 ounces, but not exceeding 4 ounces, 2*d.*; exceeding 4 ounces, but not exceeding 6 ounces, 2½*d.*; exceeding 6 ounces, but not exceeding 8 ounces, 3*d.*; exceeding 8 ounces, but not exceeding 10 ounces, 3½*d.*; exceeding 10 ounces, but not exceeding 12 ounces, 4*d.*"

This violates the rule of simplicity, which Sir Rowland Hill made an essential element of his system. But there does not seem to be anybody now connected with the English post-office that understands the principles of Hill's system, or they would not be tinkering it in these awkward ways. The proper way to do it is to do as was done at the beginning—that is, adopt the principle, and then apply it squarely at once. Make a half-penny the rate, and an ounce the weight, and then multiply in equal measure—a half-penny for one ounce, a penny for two ounces, and so on. It is true there is a little saving in the expense of handling the large letters. But, on the other hand, the greater number of letters are much less than an ounce in weight. Indeed, an average of a quarter-ounce will cover nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine-hundredths of the letters in the mail; but, if heavy parcels are greatly multiplied, the weight of letter mails will be an important consideration, which now is hardly taken into the account. The immensely heavy mails we read of are mostly made up of papers and printed matter.

We shall escape all this tinkering if we adopt the one-cent rate, and shall never have to alter from that rate. It is so simple that every one can understand it, and no one can ever mistake it. So many ounces, so many cents. The time that will be saved in calculating the postage and keeping the accounts will go far to make up for the difference in the receipts. Time is money, and the Government has to pay, in some way, for all the time that is now lost through the complicated rates of postage which we now have. The one-cent rate has another advantage—that it is so easily applicable to the postage on newspapers and all printed matter. Only here we must take heavier weights for our rule. Four ounces is the weight allowed for newspapers, and is a proper scale for all printed matter, except newspapers sent to regular subscribers, which must remain as it is—twenty cents a year for weekly papers, and at the same rate for those sent more or less frequently. For all other printed matter the rate should be uniform—one one cent for four ounces or under, two cents for eight ounces, and so on. Thus we should have a complete and uniform system. The keeping of accounts would be simplified, and the whole management of the post-office would become intelligible and easy. Why may we not have it, as one important part of Civil Service Reform?

DEAF-MUTE EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN advance of the new census tables, not then made up, we anticipated last spring that Gen. Walker's census of the deaf-mutes would be more full and exact than any of the preceding ones; but in this we were mistaken. The late superintendent of the Ninth Census has made many improvements in the work of his bureau, but few in that portion which relates to the deaf-mutes; and his tables show scarcely an approximation to the true number of this class in the whole country. In some states—Kentucky, for example—the enumeration has been reasonably complete; but in Massachusetts less than two-thirds of the true number seems to be given, and in Minnesota, Louisiana, and other states the teachers of deaf-mute schools complain that the returns are extremely inaccurate. The whole number reported in the United States in 1870 is but 16,205, in a population of 38,555,988, or one deaf-mute to every 2,379 persons; while in 1850, when our population was but 31,443,321, 15,077 were reported, or one in every 2,085. Yet the number of deaf-mutes at school in the country nearly doubled in the ten years from 1860 to 1870, and nobody acquainted with the matter really supposes that the proportion of this class to the whole population has in the least diminished. Nor is there any reason to believe that this proportion, except in the newly settled states, varies very much in different parts of the country; yet Kentucky, with a population of 1,321,011, is put down in the census for 723 deaf-mutes, or one in every 1,827; while Illinois, with a population of 2,539,891, is allowed only 833, or one in 3,049; and New Jersey, with a population of 906,096, is allowed but 277, or only one in 3,271. Yet nobody believes that deaf-muteness is twice as common in Kentucky as in New Jersey, and no well-informed person supposes that the census overstates the number in Kentucky. No census ever yet did overstate the number of deaf-mutes anywhere, except by crediting to some particular state, like Connecticut, all that were at school there when the enumeration happened to be made. Thus the first edition of the census tables of 1870 credited Connecticut with 475 deaf-mutes, and the revised edition with only 231 (less than half as many); because it was discovered that 214 of the 475 were pupils at Hartford from other New England states, and thirty or forty more were from other states.

Whenever a special census of the deaf-mutes has been taken, as in Massachusetts in 1867, by the state authorities, their number has been found much larger than the general census gives them. In about three-fourths of Massachusetts, when the whole population of that state was, perhaps, 1,-000,000, the special census gave 769 deaf-mutes, with name and age, so that for the whole state the number must have been, at least, 1,000, or one in every 1,335; yet, when the population had increased, in 1870, to 1,457,351, the United States enumerators could only find 538 deaf-mutes, or one in 2,712. To this number have since been added 118 names found on the Hartford school-list; so that Massachusetts, in the revised tables, appears to have 656 deaf-mutes. In reality, the number in that state is more than 1,100, probably; and the number in the whole country cannot well be less than 26,000, or 1 in every 1,500 of the whole population. It seems probable that the proportion is less among the colored people than the whites—say 1 in 2,000 among the former, and 1 in 1,400 among the latter. But the returns from the colored population are as yet so imperfect that this cannot be positively asserted. In New England the two races seem to be about equally afflicted with deaf-muteness.

The January number of that excellent quarterly, the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, furnishes a list of 38 schools in the United States, wherein 4,080 pupils were under instruction in 1871; for we add a dozen to the aggregate there given as the number in Mr. Greenberger's school, at Chicago, not reported in the *Annals*. Making allowance for transfers from one school to another, which have been few in the past year, we may take 4,000 as the round number of deaf-mute pupils last year, and 3,500 as the average number under instruction at any one time. In 1860 there were but 22 schools, and about 2,000 pupils. The largest of the present schools is the New York Institution, with nearly 600 pupils; then comes the Ohio State School, at Columbus, with nearly 400; while the smallest state school is that of Oregon, with 14 pupils; and the smallest of all is Mr. Whipple's family-school, at Mystic, Connecticut, with only four pupils. Four of the schools are city day schools—at Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago, and Cleveland; the last being newly opened within two or three months. There are two Catholic schools: one at St. Louis, established in 1860, with 25 pupils; and one at Buffalo, opened in 1862, with 63 pupils. There is also one college, connected with the Columbia Institution, at Washington, and containing about 50 students, under the instruction of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, whose father, Dr. T. H. Gallaudet, established the first school in the country, in 1817.

One of the most interesting features of deaf-mute instruction during the year just closed has been the introduction of Mr. A. G. Bell's system of "Visible Speech," as a means of teaching articulation to the deaf-mutes. Mr. Bell is a learned and accomplished Scotchman, whose father, Mr. A. M. Bell, was for many years engaged in elaborating a method of writing out phonetically the sounds of all the known languages. This was completed by him in 1867, and published in London, where Mr. Bell was then practicing as a teacher of elocution, with the title of "Visible Speech, a System of Universal Alphabetics." Its application to the instruction of deaf-mutes was not at once perceived; but in 1869 trial was made of it in a small deaf-mute school at London. In 1870 the Bell family took up their residence in Canada, and nearly a year ago Mr. Bell the Younger was invited to teach his system to the instructors of deaf-mutes in Boston and Northampton, in Massachusetts. He has since done this with much success, and the pupils there have been found to acquire articulation more perfectly and rapidly in Mr. Bell's way than in any other. Though apparently complicated, it is a method really simple, and seems likely to find its way into many of our deaf-mute schools. In May Mr. Bell is to introduce it in the American Asylum, at Hartford, whence it is pretty sure to spread into the larger institutions in the country.

A GOOD WORD FOR "GUSH."

WE are astounded at our own boldness. In fact, we are so astounded that our astonishment partakes of the nature of fear, and comes very near not being boldness at all. What are we that we should dare to say a good word for this outcast? And what can that one good word do, since it will only be counted in under the head of more "gush."

It is not easy to see how this simple little noun, being name of so beautiful and natural a thing, fell into disfavor; how it has come to be in all men's mouths an epithet of contempt, more cutting than paragraphs of serious sarcasm, more to be dreaded, apparently, than accusations of serious reproach. Why, or when, or how this came about nobody can tell. But so it is; and to-day the bravest of us would rather be taxed with almost any vice of speech or of writing than be told that he "gushed."

To gush is to flow forth naturally, spontaneously, freely, fully, as water flows. Every legitimate use of the word implies that an irresistible force seeks vent. Blood gushes from the veins when they are opened by wounds. Water gushes from long-sealed springs when banks of earth are removed or rocks are rolled away. Whence then came the opprobrium of the secondary meaning of the word, as an epithet descriptive of language?

Is it a fault to be spontaneous, free, full, natural, irrepressible? Is it despicable to be enthusiastic? Is it a weakness to be "carried away" (that is, out of one's self) by an emotion? Shall we sneer at a man for feeling so much that he cannot help showing it? Shall we set honesty and good manners at variance? Shall we put a premium on hypocrisy, until our very lips sneak, and our breath is choked, lest we "gush"?

This species of supercilious railing has gone on long enough. It sits in high places, journalistic and social. It has set a fashion. It has a large following—much larger than it would like to own, too; for are not the hordes of all barbarians on its side? What great odds whether your lack of admiration, enthusiasm be the result of preverted will, or of blinded sense; be of choice, or without? Let the lordliest and stolidest chief of the *Nil admirari* school do his utmost, there shall still be found a Digger Indian sufficiently besotted to exceed him.

But with enthusiasm goes sensitiveness. And so it comes to pass that enthusiastic people are easy to be terrified by ridicule. And, therefore, it has come to pass that to-day there is hardly a writer, man or woman, who does not hesitate, and restrain and trim phrases, for fear of being laughed at for "gushing"; and there is hardly a woman, and not so much as one man, in what would be called fashionable society, who does not regard *nonchalance* as "the thing," and enthusiasm as in bad taste in conversation.

Now, one thing is to be said, in all justice, to the opponents and scorners of "gush." Much of the thing they call "gush" is silly, is weak, is worthy of scorn, and ought to be fought and banished, if possible. But it is not real "gush." It is an empty, noisy sham; it is a wordy pretense, made by heartless, brainless people—people who write, if they write, simply for sound and show, and so much a square foot; people who talk, if they talk, for sound and show, and by the solid hour. For such persons and purposes nothing is so invaluable, nothing goes so far as a clamorous parade of enthusiasms and admirations. Their loudness and persistency deceive many, themselves among the number. It is to this sort, and their foolish noise, that we owe the disrepute into which the very word "gush" has fallen, and into which every one is dragged who is even suspected of deserving it.

But it is unjust. There is no propriety in calling a sham by the name of the thing shammed. Let them call it false gush, if they like, empty gush, silly gush, but not "gush." Emboldened by having warmed up a little over our topic, we go on to say, in conclusion, and once for all, that we like "gush," and that the world would be a dreary place without it. Little children and lovers would fare poorly; the hunger and thirst which are not for bread and water would go comfortless; worlds of sweet things would be unsaid, unrecorded, unsung; and worlds of wrong things would stay unhelped, unbettered. The analogy is a close one between the moral and the physical worlds; the good word which we wish to lift up from its undeserved degradation, and the good thing which it represents, are significant in Nature and dear to Nature's lovers. Running water, swift-running water, river, brook, fountain, spring—bless them, what death we should die without them! Winter brings ice, and we long for spring; heat brings drought, and we put up prayers in church for rain; and this is our good word for "gush."

Editorial Notes.

THE National Republican Committee recently met in Washington to fix the date and place for the next National Republican Convention. Nearly all the members of the Committee were present. Philadelphia was designated as the place, and the first Wednesday of next June as the date of the Convention. The Committee have prepared an earnest address to the people, briefly summarizing the record of the Republican party, and invoking for it popular support. Mr. Greeley, the member of the Committee from this state, was among the absentees; yet the names of all the absentees are to be obtained to the call before it is officially published. We presume that Mr. Greeley, though absent, will give his name, and that, after the Convention shall have acted upon the question, he will support the Republican nomination. All his antecedents lead us to suppose that this will be his course, notwithstanding his present opposition to General Grant. We shall retain the supposition until his own action, if ever, proves the contrary. While we favor the nomination of General Grant, we expect to abide by the voice of the Convention. Mr. Greeley is opposed to it, as he has an undoubted right to be; yet, when the Convention shall have spoken, then we see no other course for him to pursue, in consistency with his Republican principles, and his own antecedents, but to accept the decision of the majority, and sustain it, even if General Grant, to his regret, should be the Presidential nominee.

WE cannot see why amnesty for the rebels and complete civil rights for the freedman should not go together; and, therefore, cannot condemn as impertinent Senator Sumner's amendment to the Amnesty Bill. Both parties have disabilities—the one political disabilities, and the freedmen, in many states, civil disabilities. If the one party is relieved, why not the other? Has the negro any less earned the relief? Has he been any less patient and peaceable under his disabilities? The public inn, the public conveyance, the public place of worship, education, or amusement are and must be for all. This is not a social, but a civil question. An inn-keeper is bound by law to open his house to all respectable comers; and so long as any state or public institution makes an exception against a negro he has not his rights. It is a grand sight to see the prince of agitators laboring for this last of all the rights yet denied his chosen clients. We trust he may see the great work of his life done before this Congress adjourns, and the last disability removed from the colored men of America.

Now that women are claiming the ballot as a right already secured by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, judicial decisions of the question are getting to be thick as blackberries in August. The last of these were given by Judge Jameson, of Illinois, on a petition for a *mandamus* to compel the inspectors to register Mrs. Catharine V. Waite and her daughter among the voters of Hyde Park. Mrs. Waite declared that she was a resident, a freeholder, and over one and twenty. Mrs. Waite's counsel had not pretended that suffrage was a right conferred by the Constitution of Illinois; but that the right to vote was a natural right, recognized and guaranteed by the Constitution, and especially by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The substance of Judge Jameson's decision was that the right to be protected is a natural one, but not the right to be the representative magistrates or the representative voters who shall grant that protection. Every citizen, he thinks, has a right to see to it that suffrage, which all agree must be largely representative of the interests of non-voters, shall be in competent hands; and, if the present holders are too numerous or too few, men, women, immigrants, Indians, Chinamen, minors, convicts, and idiots have the natural right to agitate in order to secure a wider or a more restricted suffrage, and, if unsuccessful, the final right of revolution. Having thus disposed of the "natural right" theory, Judge Jameson then proceeds to controvert the new-fangled theory that the Constitution with its amendments already grants the privilege. After showing that the Constitution used the word "citizen" to include persons of different degrees of political privileges, he proceeds to give the history of the Thirteenth Amendment, which abolished slavery; of the Fourteenth, which forbids any single state to abridge the rights of citizens of the United States—that is, of those moving from another state into it—and which also diminishes the ratio of representation in Congress of states which deny suffrage to their own colored citizens; and of the Fifteenth, which for the first time limits the right of the state to select its own voters, by ordering that "the right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." This amendment, as sensibly argued by Judge Jameson, leaves in the power of each state the entire right to say which of its citizens shall and which shall not vote, except as it forbids the states to make "race, color, or previous condition of servitude" a basis of exclusion, and except as Article 2 of Chapter VIII, and the Fourteenth Amendment, forbid any state to discriminate in the matter of suffrage against those born in the states.

JUDGE JAMESON'S decision is good law, and still better common sense. It is plain that Congress and the states never intended by the Fifteenth Amendment to give women the privilege of the ballot. Even Mrs. Woodhull, when she said at Steinway Hall "I trust I am understood," did not make her announcement of free love any plainer than is the obvious meaning of this Amendment. To try to get the ballot by a juggle on the meaning of words is not manly, and we think is not womanly, logic. There is just one way in which women can secure the privilege, and that is the way in which the religious qualifications of the colonies, and the property qualifications of a few states, and the color qualifications of nearly all of these, have been altered—by persistent agitation. Those who take this latter method are adopting the only method which will enlighten the public mind, and thus secure their end; while insisting on a constitutional quibble only prejudices the cause, by creating a suspicion that the class of citizens in whose behalf it is urged are not capable of interpreting, much less of making, a law. The women who are pestering congressional committees on this matter utterly mistake the public sentiment. Men, as a body, are reluctant to try the experiment of female suffrage, though willing to grant this or any other privilege or right that women ask for; while women, as a body, are strenuously opposed to the plan. Long agitation must be the preliminary to success, for women are somewhat conservative, and will not easily be brought to ask for what at present they don't want. And we may be sure that when they do want it they will have it.

COL. HIGGINSON is quoted as endorsing, at the last meeting of the Radical Club, a remark made by the late Col. Shaw, "that he felt more respect for a man who drank to excess than for one who kept himself from drinking by signing a pledge." With all respect to the memory of the author of this sentiment, and to the opinions of its godfather, with whom our agreements on social questions are more emphatic than our differences, we beg leave most cordially to dissent from their maxim. If it is right for a man to refrain from making a beast of himself, it is right for him to take all necessary precautions against beastliness. There are men whose moral stamina has become so weakened that they cannot resist temptation. It is lawful for them not only to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," but to take pledge of their own honor that they will not go near it. It is a pitiful condition to be in, no doubt; but when a man has fallen into it total abstinence is the only way for him. And if total abstinence is right, it is right to promise total abstinence. Is it wrong for a man to bind himself to do right? There is such a thing as making provision against the flesh, so as not to fulfill the lusts thereof, and there may be cases in which such a provision indicates the highest virtue, if not the strongest character.

WE are not aware whether the charge of slippery worldly wisdom so frequently flung at the Bishop of Winchester, the champion of High Church among the spiritual lords of England, has ever been made against his earned and no less celebrated brother in faith, Dr. Pusey. It is true that his commentaries do sometimes suggest that supererviceableness in defense of the received notions of interpretation so painfully manifest in the late Dr. Henderson; and a late occurrence will strengthen the impression. It will be remembered that in 1843 a commission was appointed to act on alleged heresies in a sermon of his then just published. This commission decided against Dr. Pusey. Within six months Dr. Jelf and Dr. Winter, the two members who knew most about that commission, have died; and now Dr. Pusey publishes a letter charging the commission with having acted hastily, and for other reasons than those based on the sermon itself. This a brother of Dr. Jelf handsomely disproves in a letter to *The Times*, showing that Dr. Jelf, who felt compelled to concur in the judgment, consented to serve simply from his desire to see all justice done to his friend, Dr. Pusey; and that the latter at the time allowed his supporters to publish the report that the commission had not consulted Dr. Pusey as to any retraction or modification he might wish to make before publishing their verdict, when, in fact, Dr. Jelf was specially commissioned to perform that service, and the result was published only after Dr. Pusey had declined any such proposals. The tale, as now told, reflects considerably on the candor of the great tractarian leader. We seem to see something of the origin of the spirit which has allowed his followers to resort to the most ridiculous subterfuges to escape the plain meaning of the Purchas judgment against genuflexions.

OUR readers have been told the proud circumstance that the United States, and notably New York, will buy diamonds at higher prices than any other part of the world. Mr. Harry Emanuel, the great London diamond merchant, is the authentic authority for this fact. Should the French Assembly persist in consenting to the proposition of selling the Crown Jewels, we shall soon have a yet further opportunity of indulging our taste in this direction, according to or beyond our means. Had not the worthy Mr. Tweed come to grief, he might have adorned his shirt-front with the Regent diamond, which is valued only at $2,500,000—an unconsidered trifle to a man who owned all New York. This gem was stolen just eighty years ago from the *Garde Meuble*, and afterward found buried under a certain tree in the *Champs Elysées*, according to information contained in an anonymous letter, which has remained such ever since. Or he might have contented himself with the Sancy stone, so called from the name of the messenger charged with it, who swallowed it when attacked and killed by robbers, and in whose body it was found. The number of precious stones now the property of the nation we have not seen stated. In 1791 an inventory was taken, and it three hundred pages, of which near a hundred were devoted to diamonds alone. These then amounted to 9,547. The next year the robbery took place, which somewhat diminished the stock; though many were recovered, through the confession of two of the thieves. It really seems a pity that these historical gems should be dispersed by auction. It were next to cutting up the Tuileries Gardens and the *Bois de Boulogne* into house-lots. If carried out, it will be a confession of bankruptcy, and that France has gone into liquidation. Should Citizen Blanc succeed in substituting the republic for the monarchy in England, we may look for a chance at

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gent demands of women. The *Cologne Gazette* says that twenty-five women are now pursuing the course of medicine there, and seven that of philosophy. Another has just been admitted, after a successful examination, to the course of mechanics. Not long ago a Zurich woman was admitted, with distinction, to the university there, standing among a dozen candidates number one in the ancient languages.

....The town of Greeley, in Colorado, has already so far declined from the teachings of the sage after whom it was named as to allow women to vote in a municipal election. Says the *Greeley Tribune:*

"It was quite amusing to see men who hitherto have been decided opponents to woman suffrage become remarkably active in getting them out to vote; indeed, some of those who worked hardest in bringing the ladies to the polls were men who had been in the habit of speaking of the act as improper and indelicate."

....A little inconsistency now and then is to be expected from the best of men; but here is a letter from Henry Bergh, dated "Office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and administering a cutting reproof to Mayor Hall! The friend of superannuated stage-horses stoops to flog a ring-boned, knee-sprung, broken-down mayor!

....One of those men, so numerous in America, who have made their wealth a public benefaction, died in Boston last week. During his life Isaac Rich gave $750,000 to various Methodist benevolences and institutions of learning; and the bulk of his property is left, we understand it, as a magnificent endowment to a Methodist college in Boston.

....Amherst College has appointed a Professor of Veterinary Science—to have care, we suppose, of the infirm ponies which the institution harbors. Or is it the Agricultural College that has made the appointment?

....Dr. Joseph P. Thompson's health continues to be feeble. His physicians in Berlin have enjoined absolute rest for a year, at least, from all literary labor.

....Five of the six young Japanese princesses who have just reached this country with the Embassy will enter Vassar College.

....Mrs. Livermore retires from the *Woman's Journal*, to give her strength entirely to public speaking in behalf of female suffrage.

Religious Intelligence.

THE committee appointed by the Congregational Council at Oberlin to confer with the directors of the American Home Missionary Society, and arrange some plan by which the churches of the West might participate more directly in the work of the society, has been in conference during the last week with the representatives of the society in this city, and a plan has been adopted, with the hearty concurrence of the secretaries of the society, by which, it is hoped, the result sought will be fully attained. Rev. H. D. Kitchell, D.D., of Vermont; Rev. H. Mead, of Oberlin: Rev. J. W. Strong, D. D., of Minnesota; the Hon. H. White and the Hon. B. Douglass, of Connecticut, were the committee. The plan upon which they have agreed is substantially as follows: 1. The general conference or association of each state is to organize a home missionary society in that state. 2. By this state society an executive committee of three is to be appointed in each district conference; this committee to act as the agency of the American Home Missionary Society, and, cooperating with the superintendent of missions employed by that society in each state, to have a general oversight of the work within its own boundaries. 3. The chairman of these several district committees constitute a State Board of Home Missions, to which the general oversight of the work in the state shall be committed, and by which the state superintendent of missions shall be nominated, the society at New York commissioning and sustaining him. 4. The superintendents and the executive committees are to labor for an increase of contributions, and to avoid, if possible, any conflict with other denominations. 5. Each state society is to have a treasurer, who is to keep an accurate report of the collections in the state, and who is to account to the parent society for the money received. 6. More efficiency and enterprise in occupying the frontiers is promised. 7. As soon as the churches in the several states are able to support the work within their boundaries, their state societies will be merely auxiliary to the parent society, and will transmit to that society only their surplus funds. The arrangement will have the effect to throw much more responsibility upon the churches of the West, and will result, we doubt not, in greatly developing their energies and their resources.

....The Pope will shortly send an *ultimatum* to the Roman Catholic bishops who have not accepted the dogma of infallibility. These recusant prelates must be very few in number, nearly all of those who at first protested having yielded their assent....The good fight is getting hot in Germany. A telegram in an Austrian paper will indicate the temperature of one neighborhood: "All the village churches of Vorarlberg resounded yesterday with the more or less violent electoral addresses of the clergy. They said that whoever voted a Liberal or refrained from voting was guilty of mortal sin; Catholic or not Catholic was the question. This clerical agitation has been commanded by the Bishop of Brixen." A clerical address, printed abroad, says: "In our belief, authority is undermined, religion and the Church are outlawed, the schools are unchristianized, and the sacred and salutary ties of morality, loyalty, honor, and family are torn asunder. A party whose terrible portrait daily grins upon us from out of a thousand journals urges us even further into the abyss." Politics and religion are getting hopelessly mixed, we fear, in these regions. The burgomaster of Graz (Franz Hangi), a Protestant and a pronounced Liberal, has met with something worse than denunciation. He had long been hated and annoyed by the Ultramontanes; and by one of them, a young peasant, named Joseph Paches, his life had been threatened because he was a "religion-robber." For this threat Paches was consigned as a religious fanatic to the lunatic asylum, whence he was recently released as completely cured. But very soon his mania again seems to have broken out anew; and a few days ago he forced his way, armed with a loaded pistol, into the burgomaster's office. He silently opened the door, and, finding the burgomaster working at his desk with his [illegible] present him, he lodged the whole contents of his pistol in the body of the unfortunate man, who, without uttering a sound, fell down dead. The murderer, taken red-handed, made no attempt to deny his deed; but, on the contrary, expressed great satisfaction in having freed religion from this great enemy. The excitement against the clergy produced by this event is said to be very great indeed.

....The Catholic papers fully discuss the case of Father Stack, all of them taking the side of the bishop against the priest, as was to have been expected. It is distinctly asserted that the canon law is not in force in this country; that the bishops here are missionary bishops, *in partibus infidelium;* that they correspond with the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and not with the Catholic Secretary of State. They further declare that the canon law which forbids the deposition of a priest without trial applies only to priests invested with benefices; and, inasmuch as there are no ecclesiastical benefices in this country, Father Stack cannot claim its protection. Moreover, they quote section 156 of the decrees of the Plenary Council of Baltimore, in which the clergy are positively forbidden to take their grievances into the civil courts. So far as we have gone in our study of the question, it appears to us that Father Stack is in the wrong. The bishop does not appear to have exceeded the powers conferred upon him by the Church; and, if the priest does not like the regimen, his best course is, either to suffer within the Church, and endeavor to bring about a change of the laws, or else to renounce its authority, and find a more congenial spiritual home. He has not done well to appeal unto Cæsar. At the same time, it must be said that the system which puts the clergy and all the Church property of every diocese completely into the hands of the bishop is most oppressive. The arbitrary power thus conferred upon the prelate must, as human nature now is, be frequently abused. We do not know that it has been in this case, but we are sure that it must be in many cases. It is charged, also, that the prelates in this country, while claiming all the irresponsible power belonging to missionary bishops, are disposed to assume, at the same time, all the honors and prerogatives of canonical bishops. They get all the benefits of both systems for themselves, and deny to their clergy the reliefs of the constitutional system. We are glad that the arbitrary powers of the Roman Catholic bishops have been so clearly brought to light in this case; and trust that the agitation may prepare the way for a reform in the polity of the Church in this particular.

....Father Hyacinthe has written to Father Gratry a ringing letter, rebuking him for his tame adhesion to the dogma of infallibility. Here is a specimen paragraph:

"What! Reverend Father! Only a few months ago you suddenly arose like a prophet in the confusion of Israel, and you assured us that you had received orders from God, and that, for the purpose of fulfilling them, you were ready to suffer whatever it was necessary to suffer! You wrote that demonstration, as logical as it was eloquent, which people might insult but not refute, and, after having established by facts that the question of infallibility is a gangrened question—to use your own expression—you uttered in your holy indignation that cry which still resounds, *Numquid Deus indiget mendaci, vestro.* 'Has God need of your falsehoods?' And now, before so many consciences which you have disturbed and left in suspense, you content yourself with writing to your bishop, with an ease of manner calculated to surprise and sadden, 'I wish, Monseigneur, merely to say to you what it seems to me it was not even necessary to say—viz., that I accept, like all my sacerdotal brethren, the decrees of the Vatican Council. Everything to the contrary that I may have written on this subject before the decision I *efface.*' Is it thus, then, that the truth and the conscience in the Church of Jesus Christ are henceforth to be treated?"

....Dr. Doellinger recently delivered his rectoral address to the students of the University of Munich. It was largely occupied with political discussions, but touched upon the religious issues of the day. We quote:

"The 18th of July, 1870, brought to Germany a second war, through the Roman declaration of war against German science. The decrees of the Vatican were launched only against German science, and had been prepared for twenty years by a systematic falsification of the theological text-books. Once before Rome carried on war against science. It was against the natural sciences, and she succumbed. Now she combats against historical science. As to the question which of the sciences received advancement or impulse by recent events, it is to be answered that these sciences are, above all history, besides her philosophy, and notably theology. The task of theology has to be conceived in quite a new spirit. As it formerly had been polemical, it must now become eirenical (peace-making), and work with the object that, as Germany created the separation of the churches, she may now bring about the reunion, or, at the least, the reconciliation of confessions, for which the best minds of all cultivated nations (*cultur-völker*) are longing.

....Mr. Spurgeon has been staying in Rome; and, instead of doing as the Romans do, he succeeded in greatly astonishing some of them by his free utterances in the pulpit. The correspondent of the London *Telegraph* describes a service which he conducted at the Presbyterian church of the Rev. Dr. Lewis:

"Perhaps the boldest thing Mr. Spurgeon ever said in his life was said in his running comments before the sermon, while reading a chapter of Scripture. Somehow or other, he introduced Rome and Roman affairs into his discourse; and, raising his hands and eyes at the same time—his hands clasped, the eyes turned up to the ceiling—he broke out, without warning or preparation of any kind, in the following terms: 'Oh, Victor Emmanuel! Oh, Emmanuel of Heaven, thou true Victor! Help the Italians, bless and sanctify their cause, and make them prosperous.' I do not think the cry of "Fire!" or "Stop thief!" uttered in the middle of the sermon would have caused much more sensation than this prayer did. Some of the congregation looked frightened, some indignant, some painfully amused. A few old ladies seemed as if they would run out of the church; but, being too far from the door, kept their seats. Others appeared bewildered, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry, and quite besides themselves. Others, again—and they formed the greater portion of the congregation, both as regards men and women—sat, as it were, spellbound and devout-looking, wondering what would come next."

....Dean Stanley has been studying the Athanasian Creed, and gives it as his opinion that the English copy was not made from the *original Latin*, but from a faulty Greek translation, which the compilers of the Prayer-book mistook for an original work of Athanasius. What is now read in English does not, he says, convey the sentiments of the original author, whoever he was; and contains more than one intelligible altogether misleading, and one, at least, which savors of heresy. Some of the prelates think of a retranslation. If retranslated, while one of the damnatory clauses would be slightly softened, another would be greatly aggravated. "Its doctrines," he says, "are not only not Athanasian, but are anti-Athanasian. There is no proof of the existence of the Creed before the ninth century."

....Mrs. Colt, of Hartford, who has built for her working-people one of the most beautiful churches on this continent, has determined to build for their children a school, to cost not less than $60,000. It is by such provisions as these on the part of capitalists for the laborers in their employ that the best adjustment of the quarrel between capital and labor will be reached. Undoubtedly something may be done by legislation to improve the condition of working-people; but the great result to be sought is the establishment of relations of good-will and Christian fraternity between the two classes, so that they who labor shall give hearty service, and they for whom the labor is performed shall give time and thought and means freely and abundantly for the improvement of the condition of their work-people.

....Professor Jowett, of Balliol College, has been preaching before the senate and students of the Glasgow University. The service was in the Presbyterian form, except that the prayers were selections from the Church of England Prayer-book. Not only because Professor Jowett is an Episcopalian, but also because he is one of the most advanced of the Broad Churchmen, this event seems significant. It is not remarkable that the Professor should have been willing to preach to the Presbyterians; but it is a little strange that they should have desired to hear him. The sermon is, however, highly praised by the Scotch papers; not because of the soundness of its theology, for it avoided theological questions, but because of its impressive presentation of vital religious truth.

....The time will come, we suppose, when the amount of the pew-rentals in Plymouth Church will reach its highest figure, and begin to decline, but that time is not yet. Since 1862, when there was a slight falling off, on account of the severities of the war, there has been a steady increase of the amount received for [illegible] which amounted in 1862 to $12,023, and for premiums $17,217 50; making a total of $29,275 50, an increase on last year of $2,791 50. It is said that probably one-quarter of the pew-holders for the coming year are newcomers. The project for a new church edifice has been revived; but the probabilities are that it will be put to sleep again.

....The Conference of the Nonconformists, which was to have been held in Manchester last month, to discuss "the educational policy of the government, the general relations of the Nonconformists to the Liberal party, and the necessity of organizing the political power of the Nonconformists throughout the kingdom, for the promotion and defense of the principles of religious equality," and which was deferred on account of the illness of the Prince of Wales, began its session on Tuesday of this week. About 1,700 delegates were expected; and the meeting will have an important influence in deciding the fortunes not only of the Established Church, but of the Liberal party.

....There are ten congregations of the Independents in Glasgow, and of these nine have made returns—the tenth objecting, "on principle," to furnish any statistics. The nine churches that are not troubled with these anti-statistical scruples contain 4,120 members and adherents. Last year they raised for all purposes the sum of $34,930; and, as the number of communicants is 3,488, this represents an average contribution per member of more than twenty dollars. The nine churches have 16 Sabbath-schools, with 223 teachers and an aggregate attendance of 2,435 pupils. Two of the churches have day schools under their exclusive control. In these are six teachers and assistants and 374 pupils.

....The Rev. Professor Abraham De Sola, a Jewish rabbi, in charge of a synagogue in Montreal, opened the proceedings of the House of Representatives with prayer, one day last week. In an interview with a reporter, Mr. De Sola remarked that "the fact of a Jew opening a Christian assembly with prayer is altogether without precedent." The Honorable Representatives in any Christian assembly in any other sense than that it is composed of men the majority of whom are nominal believers in Christianity.

....*The Chicago Pulpit* is the name of a weekly periodical, neatly printed, which promises to give every week one of the sermons preached in Chicago the Sunday preceding, and also to present, in an appendix, important church news. It is "the organ of no sect," and promises to give all the denominations a hearing. The first sermon, by the Rev. Robert Laird Collier, is a good sensible talk to young men about forming habits for the new year.

....The Presbyterian hospital in Philadelphia has secured already $350,000 out of the $400,000 which it was proposed to raise. It is to be open to all, "without respect to creed, country, or color." The only ridiculous thing about it is the name. Any attempt to make denominational capital out of charity is slightly offensive. "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee"—neither thine own trumpet nor the trumpet of thy sect.

....Seven Spanish priests have issued a manifesto urging the formation of a Spanish National Church. They claim that in co-operation with them are "two priests who have frankly given their adhesion, and eighty-seven others who from different quarters second our efforts, although they cannot always manifest themselves, owing to human apprehension deserving of a certain measure of respect." Not much is to be expected from such faint-hearted reformers.

....If masses avail anything, there is no reason why anybody should fail of Heaven. Monseigneur Jean Langevin, Bishop of Rimouski, who is building a seminary, and wants to raise funds, offers six hundred masses for twelve and a half cents in behalf of anybody, living or dead. If salvation is not free in Rimouski, it is certainly very cheap.

....The Catholic *Standard* is responsible for the statement that a well-known revolutionary lady, Madame Fua, has been appointed by the Italian authorities to the professorship of Belles Letters in the University at Rome. It is said, also, that she has been appointed chief inspector of schools for females, including convent schools.

....There are but two or three Unitarian churches in Pennsylvania. One of these is in Northumberland, a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, near the center of the state. It was founded in the last century, by the famous Priestly, who sought a refuge there from persecution in England on account of his religious opinions.

....The Glasgow Presbytery of the United Presbyterians has abolished subscription to the Westminster Confession of Faith. In the Established Church and the Free Church this subscription is required by law; among the United Presbyterians, it has only been customary, and it is this custom that the Glasgow Presbytery has set aside.

....The Congregational church of Woonsocket, R. I., (Rev. E. Douglass, pastor), has recently received eleven members, six of whom were on profession of faith, the first fruits of a work of grace commencing with the organization of the church, in September last. During this period the Sabbath-school has doubled its number.

....The Archbishop of Canterbury promises that the opinion of Convocation shall be taken at the first opportunity with regard to the expediency of sanctioning the use of shortened services in church on certain occasions.

....The resignation of the Rev. Henry Powers, of the Elm Place Congregational church, Brooklyn, leaves a good field vacant, and liberates for other service an earnest, industrious, and able minister.

....The *Univers*, of Paris, announces that the Gallican liturgy is to be replaced by the Roman liturgy in the French Roman Catholic Churches. Thus passes away the last vestige of the Gallican Church.

....A recent letter-writer says that in Berlin, out of a population of nearly a million, only about 12,000 persons attend church on a Sunday. The story sounds incredible.

....The Right Rev. John McGill, for twenty-one years bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Virginia, died in Richmond on Sunday morning last, aged 63 years.

....The Methodist papers are complaining that the Committee of Biblical Revisers, numbering twenty-one names, embraces but one Methodist.

....The Archbishop of Paris no longer forbids the hair to grow where God commands it to grow—upon the faces of the priests of his diocese.

....Rev. Dr. Blagden, of Boston, senior pastor of the Old South church, has resigned his pastorate. Dr. Blagden was called to the church in 1836.

....The Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, of Chicago, is to be the successor of Dr. Ewer.

....The Jews of Birmingham have formed an Anti-Jewish Conversion Society.

....Bishop Ames is the wealthiest Methodist minister in the West.

Financial & Commercial.

THE FAILURE OF SAVINGS BANKS.

THE recent failure of two savings banks in New York City has had the natural effect of somewhat shaking the confidence of the working classes in the stability and safety of these institutions. For a rule, the mass of depositors have little or no knowledge of the savings bank system, beyond the simple fact that it undertakes to receive their money, with the pledge to return it when called for. They have no means of discrimination between different banks, or judging as to their comparative condition. To them a savings bank is a savings bank; and they take its solvency upon blind trust. Hence, when one of these institutions fail, the great danger is, especially in a large city, that a panic among depositors will be produced in respect to them all, leading to a general rush for their deposits. Ignorantly trusting in the first instance, they lack the proper knowledge to guide them the moment this confidence is destroyed. We have witnessed two such panics, and New York City, and perhaps Brooklyn, have lately stood in some peril of a third one.

The question whether the savings bank system, which has already become a stupendous financial machinery, is sufficiently guarded by law ought now to be raised and thoroughly canvassed. It is a timely question. The magnitude of the interests at stake, and also the class of persons involved therein, make it the duty of the state authorities to examine this question. The prime condition to be sought is, not a high rate of interest on deposits, but the most absolute safety attainable by law, so that the depositor may always feel himself assured on this point. This will guard the system against panics, by fully protecting the parties in interest.

The present practice of organizing savings banks by special charters does not, in our judgment, realize this end. These charters are usually prepared by those who, to serve private ends, wish to get up savings banks, and then lobbied through the legislature, whether such banks are needed or not for the accommodation of the people. This is the secret of their excessive multiplication in large cities, and, consequently, their severe and even dangerous competition with each other for business. In order to attract business, they are induced to pay high rates of interest; and, inasmuch as they must earn these rates by loaning their deposits, they are tempted to make doubtful investments, for the sake of the interest. They have no stock capital, like banks of discount, and make no deposit to secure their depositors with the Bank Department of the state; and the trustees, however incompetent or fraudulent, are subject to no individual liability. Their assets constitute the only guaranty to which the depositors can look; and, if these fall, either by bad management or fraud, then the loss must fall upon the depositors, who, as a class, can ill afford to bear it. The system is one of almost unlimited confidence in men, without those legal safeguards which are applied to banks of discount. With so loosely a constructed system, the only wonder is that failures have not been much more frequent.

We believe that every state in the Union should abandon the practice of granting special charters for savings banks, and provide for their organization and regulation by a general law, so stringent in its provisions and conservative in its principles as to correct abuses and make loss to the depositors a financial impossibility. Either each bank at the time of its organization should be required to supply an adequate guaranty fund, to be deposited with the Bank Department of the state, or the banks in a given state should be joint contributors to such a fund, to be held by the state to pay the liabilities of such as may become insolvent. No law that can be passed, and no amount of supervision on the part of the Bank Superintendent, can make savings banks absolutely secure without a guaranty fund. If the state itself does not propose to guarantee the depositors, then it should require each bank do so by itself, or unite the banks together in the creation of a common fund for the purpose of making them guarantee each other.

The public mind is now strongly moved with reformatory ideas in reference to city charters and the civil service. This movement will fall short of the necessities of the situation if it does not reach savings banks, and work some very radical changes of legislation in regard to them. We are thoroughly impressed with the belief that the present system wants reforming.

NOTES.

WE have received a pamphlet entitled "The National Standard Rate of Interest as a Regulator." The contents consist of a correspondence between Pliny Freemen, president of the Globe Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, and Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, from March 20th, 1865, to November 22d, 1865. The fundamental idea of Mr. Freeman, as presented in his letters to the Secretary of the Treasury, is that of a "convertible and reconvertible paper currency." He proposes that Government notes should be "the circulating medium of America," and, as such, be made "a legal-tender for all purposes whatever, except where a previous contract has otherwise stipulated; and that these notes should be convertible into six per cent. Government bonds, and the bonds be made exchangeable for the notes, at the option of the holder of either. This theory he would adopt, and make it permanent as the "American system" of currency. The point is argued with the skill of a practical financier. The Secretary of the Treasury, in his responses to Mr. Freeman, does not quite commit himself to this currency doctrine; yet he seems inclined to look upon it with favor, while reserving the question for further consideration. Mr. Freeman clearly shows that the plan would make it financially impossible for the rate of interest to rise *above* six per cent. Thanking him for the pamphlet, we shall recur to it hereafter.

—Mr. Howell, the Bank Superintendent of New York State, in his recent report, submits some observations in regard to the system of state banks, and suggests to the legislature the expediency of making some effort to revive and extend this system in the state. We had supposed, and certainly hoped, that the doctrine of state banks had passed into the category of obsolete things. This, we are quite sure, is its proper place. In practice it did not and never can furnish a currency of uniform value throughout the whole country, which is one of the grand excellences of the national banking system. There is no necessity for the simultaneous existence of the two systems, since the national banks are abundantly competent to meet all the currency wants of the people. We hold, moreover, that it is the business of the General Government, and not of the states, to supply these wants. On no other basis is it possible to have a monetary system national in its character and uniform in its operations. It is quite true that the National Banking Law was begotten by the necessities of the war; yet Mr. Howell is mistaken in supposing that it is not equally well adapted to the condition of peace. We grant that it wants some modification, especially in that section which restricts the amount of circulation that may be issued. Let this be repealed, and leave the people free to organize as many banks under the law as their necessities require, and there will be no need of state banks anywhere. Congress, we trust, will not, as Mr. Howell suggests, repeal the tax on the circulation of state banks, and thereby give them the opportunity to resume the issue of their own notes. They have, for the most part, already died out; and nothing should be done by the Government calculated to revive them. It should, rather, endeavor to perfect its own system, and then make it exclusive of all others.

—The *Financier*, published by I. H. & C. M. Goodsell, Nos. 150 and 158 Broadway, New York, is a weekly paper, designed to discuss financial questions, and supply such information as may be of value to bankers, brokers, investors, capitalists, and business men generally. The first and second numbers have already appeared; and, judging from these as specimens, as well as from the known enterprise and ability of the publishers, we anticipate for this new financial weekly a successful career. The articles of these two numbers show the pen of able writers, and the financial statistics indicate industrious research.

—The *Bankers' Magazine* for this month contains an article contributed by A. S. Bolles, in answer to the question "What is Money?" Regarding it as "an instrument of exchange," he says that "*whatever thing* can be exchanged for something else is money *whenever* or so long as the owner intends so to exchange it." Mr. Bolles here defines money by its characteristic use, as "an instrument of exchange"; yet it by no means follows that everything which the owner intends to exchange for something else is money in the sense which society attaches to this term. A load of hay, which the owner designs to exchange for a given quantity of wheat, is not money. The truth is, that is money which the fixed usages of society, and especially the laws of the land, declare to be such, and which men employ as a standard in the computation of values and the expression of prices. Among civilized men, regulated by law, that is money which the law makes a legal tender and which must be accepted in the payment of debts. You cannot compel a man in this country to take a horse as the liquidation of a debt due to him, because a horse is not money in the contemplation of law; but you can compel him to accept coined gold or silver or legal-tender notes, because the Government recognizes these as money, and enforces the settlement of all claims by their use. The two characteristics of money in civilized society are its universal exchangeableness by usage and its legal-tender property by the force of law. Any definition which ignores either is false to the facts of real life. This is our difficulty with the answer which Mr. Bolles gives to the question he proposes. He confounds things which are different, by not seeing their distinctive characteristics.

STATISTICAL ITEMS.

—The following statement shows the receipts of cotton at the different ports of the United States for the year ending September 1st, 1871:

	Bales.		Bales.
Galveston	204,468	New York	277,029
New Orleans	1,420,561	Boston	27,016
Mobile	249,566	City Point	52,562
Savannah	398,172	Providence	7,766
Charleston	295,478	Florida cotton	10,764
Wilmington	69,126		
Norfolk	301,161	Total	3,308,577
Baltimore	47,868		

This does not include the overland movement, the shipments by the Mississippi route, or the Southern consumption of cotton. The entire aggregate for the year would hence be larger than this statement.

—The New York Tammany Ring spent for county stationery, not including law books or blank books, the enormous sum of $850,000 in two and a half years, or at the rate of $340,000 per year. The entire expense of all the stationery used by the Treasury Department at Washington, with its 2,200 employees, all faithful workers and no sinecurists, is only $45,000 per year. This is quite a difference.

—The total cost of the Treasury Building at Washington, which in superficial area and capacity is nearly six times the size of the New York Court-house, is $6,000,000; whereas the latter building has already cost the City of New York about $12,000,000, and is not yet finished. This is the way the Tammany Ring spent the people's money.

—The Secretary of the Interior reports that, while the old Indian policy cost for the last fiscal year of Johnson's Administration $7,042,923, the new policy adopted by General Grant cost for the fiscal year 1870 only $3,407,988, showing a clear saving to the Treasury of $3,634,985. So much for dealing with the Indians upon the theory of peace.

—The population of the United States, as shown by the last census, is composed of 32,989,437 natives and 5,566,496 foreigners. The whites are 33,586,989, the colored are 4,880,000, the Indians are 25,731, and the Chinese are 63,254. There would seem to be but little danger that the Mongol race will ever overrun this country.

—The trade of the United States with the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1870, was as follows:

Imports from	$138,818,882
Exports to	55,791,623
Re-exports to	7,001,581
Total	$191,112,086

—It is estimated that about 300,000 persons, of all classes, in the City of New York are occupied in money-making avocations, to support the balance of the population, amounting to nearly 700,000, not counting those living outside of the city on the money made in the city.

—A life insurance policy for £3,000 on a merchant in Liverpool, in his 70th year, was recently sold at auction for £150. The merchant died in two days afterward, and the fortunate purchaser realized $15,000 out of $750.

—The railways now in operation in Canada amount to about 3,000 miles, costing $160,000,000, and yielding about $13,000,000 in annual earnings. In 1850 there were only some fifty miles of railway in the whole of Canada.

—The *Spectator* states that it makes about $12,000,000 difference to the life insurance companies doing business in New York and Massachusetts whether 4 or 4½ per cent. is the standard used for computing policy valuations.

—It is estimated that there are 6,000,000 cotton spindles in operation in the United States, 2,000,000 of which are running on cloths for printing, and produce 450,000,000 yards per annum.

—Mr. Boutwell's estimate of the receipts of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1873, places the total at $359,000,000, against $301,705,036.99 for expenditures during the same time.

—Ninety thousand immigrants came into the United States last year from British America. Many of these were Europeans, but the majority were Canadians.

—The little Rock *Gazette* gives $2,500,000 as the total amount of state-aid bonds issued to different railroads in Arkansas.

Publisher's Department.

LIVELY BUSINESS.

THE INDEPENDENT is undoubtedly the best patron of the Post-office Department in the country. Its total yearly business with the United States Government, growing directly out of the publication of this journal, is far greater, it is believed, than that of any other newspaper, either daily or weekly; or, in fact, of any business firm or corporation. During the first twelve working days of this year (ending the 15th inst.) we *received* through the New York Post-office FIVE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-ONE LETTERS. And what is very remarkable about this business is that our mails have *steadily increased* since the first of January, and that our letters of Monday (the last of the twelve days referred to) *exceeded* in number the *average* for the whole time spoken of.

We will state another fact for the special encouragement of our friends—viz., our cash receipts during the time above mentioned (the first twelve working days of the month) were nearly *one hundred* per cent. greater than during the corresponding period of last year.

BICKFORD FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE.

THE following letter is one of many received from persons using this unapproachable machine, and speaks for itself:

YONKERS, N. Y., Jan., 1872.

MR. BICKFORD:

Dear Sir:—Having had one of your beautiful and valuable little machines in my family for some time, I feel as though I had a right to add a few words of praise to the many thousands you have.

If I had to part with it, it would be like parting with a near and tried friend. I should not like to part with it for any money, if I could not get another. Why, it does so much work, from a bedquilt down to the smallest mitten, it is truly a family machine, and is so simple, and is a never-ending source of amusement to children. I have a boy only eight years old, and he will do almost anything on it; and there never has been five minutes spent in showing him. He would stand beside me, when I would be working on it, and once in a while he would ask a question; and that is all the showing he has ever got. I will send you a pair of children's leggins knit by him.

ALBRATINA C. CHRISTIAN.

CEMETERY HEIGHTS, YONKERS, N. Y.

$21 for $5.25. THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL a year, $3; THE CHRISTIAN UNION a year, $3; two fine Oil Chromos, "*Wide Awake*" and "*Fast Asleep*," mounted, worth $10; and *Marshall's Engraving of Washington*, worth $5, will be sent for $5.25, by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York. Local agents wanted.

HALFORD Leicestershire Table Sauce, for use in families.

INVESTING MONEY

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

NEW LIGHTNING SAW.

A NEW Lightning Saw, of which E. M. Boynton, of this city is inventor, has lately sprung into great popularity, and really possesses wonderful merits in the rapidity of its work.

For instance, at the recent Fair of the American Institute, a chestnut log 9 inches in diameter was sawed off with his cross-cut saw by two men in 8½ seconds, by 8½ strokes of the saw, and a cord of wood has been sawed by one man with an ordinary handsaw in two hours.

The best mechanics who have examined the saw call it the best yet invented, and we have good reason to believe their judgment is correct.

Besides the great saving in time, there must be also a greater economy of timber by using it; and it seems worthy of commendation to all farmers, dealers, manufacturers, lumber-mills, and timber-cutters. Mr. Boynton's card appears on our 7th page, which see for further information.

UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS excellent institution presents its annual statement in our columns, and it is well worthy of very careful inspection. There is probably no safer or better managed corporation in New York. Its worthy young president has the energy, experience, financial ability, and integrity necessary to keep this thriving corporation in the very front rank of similar institutions. He is supported by a very able board of directors, all noted for their high commercial standing and business capacity; and added to these are a host of hard-working, well-trained agents, who know what they are about. We have for years been a policyholder in this company, are well acquainted with its managers, and would most heartily commend it to all who seek sterling integrity and fair dealing the only true basis of safety and success.

EARTH CLOSETS.

REALLY one of the most valuable discoveries of our day is what is familiarly known as the "*Dry Earth System*," by which all human excreta is covered and rendered innoxious. This discovery led to the invention of the Earth Closet, an article which should be everywhere known, and may be used in any room without offense, as the dry earth, or coal ashes, completely deodorizes everything offensive. *The Wakefield Earth Closet*, which has been advertized several months in our columns, is a most complete and perfect working apparatus, and we cordially commend it to our readers, especially to those living in the country, who are without water-closet facilities. Office of the Wakefield Co., 36 Dey street, N. Y.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

W. KELLY, of Amsterdam, N. Y., earned with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in 14 years, $14,564, in making coats—an average of more than $20 a week, with but a few cents for trifling repairs.

MESSRS. DUNHAM & SONS, manufacturers of Pianos, No. 17 Union Square, New York, have been established 35 years, and their name has become thoroughly known throughout the country. Their late improvements produce a tone far superior to anything achieved by any other manufacturers. The public are cordially invited to visit their warerooms.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

HAVING completed extensive alterations and largely increased our facilities for manufacturing, we are now prepared to fill orders promptly for all kinds of Ladies' and Children's Fine Shoes, at moderate prices. J. & J. SLATER, 858 Broadway, near 14th street.

THE purest and sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore; it is perfectly pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it can take no other. Ask for "Hazard & Caswell's Cod Liver Oil," manufactured by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. Sold by all druggists.

PYL

The Independent

FIRST-CLASS!

BY BELLE W. COOKE.

The sun is shining as bright as ever,
Is it not strange how dark it seems?
Ah! sorrow will cloud the sunniest weather,
And darken the eye where the tear-drop streams.

But come, my wife, we must take the journey,
Saddest of all sad tasks though it be;
We must choose a grave for our faded darling,
And lay him away from you and me.

He lies so calm in his marble beauty,
After that terrible night of pain;
True, 'tis the surest balm for our sorrow
To know he never will suffer again.

We will go to the peaceful "silent city,"
And seek some nook for his little grave,
Where the daisies may stand above his bosom,
And shadows of tree and grass may wave.

This is the place; here is the keeper.
We must speak to him—how hard, alas!
"You're after a lot?" said the sturdy sexton.
"What'll you have? Do you want first-class?"

* * * * *

I drew my trembling wife up closer,
And hurried away from the chilly spot,
And thought, "The sexton is made of iron,
As well as his spade, though mourners are not."

FIRST-CLASS! for our darling—him we've tended
Night after night for seven long years;
Wrapped him up in his little blanket,
Told him stories and wiped his tears!

Are satin and velvet and silver trimmings
Any too rare for the precious form
That all our tenderness, all our yearning
Could not shield from the blighting storm?

Is the loveliest spot on the green earth's bosom
Any too sweet for his resting-place;
The fairest buds or the purest lilies
Too lovely to wreathe his dear dead face?

Ah! the sun will shine and flowers will blossom,
Earth's rest will be impartially given,
Alike to him as to the child of the proudest,
And he will have "first-class" in Heaven!

TURNING THE FLANK.

BY PRESIDENT H. L. WAYLAND.

On the evening of July 18th, 1863, Fort Wagner lay in full view before us. It was our business to take it. And how? Nothing could be plainer. It was the simplest thing in the world. All we had to do was to march right forward, mount the parapets, take the guns, capture the garrison, haul down the rebel flag, and run up the Stars and Stripes. In a word, let us *carry it by storm*. No sooner said than done. At dawn we advanced with three or four thousand men. In an hour we fell back, leaving a thousand of our best behind us, with a loss of fifteen hundred and thirty, leaving Shaw dead on the glacis, and bearing off Strong and Chatfield mortally wounded.

Then we began anew. For six weeks we shoveled, making successive parallels, losing men it is true, but still, every day, in spite of the frantic efforts of the enemy, drawing nearer and nearer, with the inevitableness of destiny. At length the last parallel was carried past the corner of the fort; and, on the morning of the 7th of September, when an assaulting column entered the works, not a man remained, not a gun was fired. We had *turned the flank*.

For many years we have been trying to reduce a stronghold of the enemy. About twenty-five years ago there was heard a voice crying in the wilderness of the Arocetook: "Why do we hesitate? It is a simple thing. Let us just pass a law absolutely prohibiting the sale of liquor, and the work is done. Let us carry it by storm." And certainly no one is to be charged with a want of wisdom for urging this course. On the face of it there was much to commend it. It was simple, direct, and promised to be efficacious. In the absence of experience, we had no reason to expect failure. For myself, I confess freely that fifteen years ago I urged the prohibition policy with all the ardor of youth.

Well, the law was enacted in almost every Northern state. In Michigan the principle of prohibition was not only placed on the statute-book, but was incorporated into the constitution.

And with what result? Must we not confess that we have failed? Grant that here and there may be found some small country town where no liquor can be purchased (nor anything else). Yet is it not true that there is, practically, not alone in the cities, but even in every town and in every village large enough and compact enough to support a store, a system of universal and gratuitous license? Is not intemperance prevalent, at least, as largely as ever before, among the young, among public men, and in fashionable society?

Does not this state of things imperatively call upon us to re-examine the works of the enemy and the field of conflict, that we may ascertain if there exists any method of attacking intemperance more efficacious than the mode now in use? Can we not turn the flank? Are there not indirect means of lessening intemperance?

One very obvious step is furnishing drinking fountains, where any wayfarer may quench his thirst with the drink that Nature has provided. No one likes to beg a glass of water. It seems mean to put a family or a shopkeeper to the trouble of supplying the wants of a thirsty crowd, gratuitously. So, to save his self-respect, the thirsty passer-by calls for something that he can pay for.

Have you not observed how carefully water is *not* provided in the offices of hotels, in the front rooms of saloons? Ask for it, and you are told that you will find it in the bar-room. Go thither, and perhaps you find it; perhaps you have to ask the tender, who at length sets it before you, making you feel that you have put him to trouble by calling upon him for a service for which you did not offer nor does he receive any pay. It is well to learn from an enemy. If the liquor-seller is careful to have water out of the way, our true policy is to have it always at hand. The man who keeps a pitcher of ice-water within the reach of all his customers and of all who pass by does a service to the cause of temperance. And, if there were at every corner a hydrant and cup, I am sure that one temptation would be removed.

Do not many persons resort to saloons and billiard rooms because they like to spend the evening amid warmth and light and cheerfulness? When they learn to *frequent* these places the first step is taken. The other steps do not long delay. Can we not turn the flank by making home so inviting that the young man will not go abroad in quest of pleasure? Here is something for every parent to think of, for every wife, for every employer. The church and the Christian association do much when they provide a cheerful, well-lighted room, furnished with papers, magazines, and facilities for writing letters. And, if to these were added a checker-board and a chess-board and other games of skill—if innocent and inexpensive amusements were furnished, free from any dangerous accessories—all the better.

The State of Ohio has taken a marked step in the right direction by the passage of a law under which any one who is injured in person, property, or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication of any person, may recover damages from the person who provided the liquor causing the intoxication, or from the landlord owning the premises on which the liquor was procured.

It is practically impossible to execute a law when, from any cause, the offender has it in his power to appeal successfully to the sympathies of the jury. Under the Maine law the offender presented himself in the light of a martyr, whose place of business had been invaded with inquisitorial scrutiny by the officer of the law. The dealer may allege, and not without much plausibility, that in the particular case of sale charged against him no appreciable harm was done. The complainant is presented in the light of a man who has perhaps purchased the liquor in order to make the dealer a criminal, and in order to acquire a share of the fine.

Under the Ohio law, I apprehend, all this will be changed. The sympathy will be transferred to the bruised, bleeding wife, the starving children, the widow whose husband died a drunkard or whose husband was murdered by a drunken man, the citizen whose house was burned as the result of a debauch. The dealer will appear as the man who made a profit of sixpence by selling the glass of liquor that produced these results. But it would not be necessary, I conceive, to prove the purchase and sale of a particular glass of liquor. It would be sufficient to prove generally that one of the persons in question was in the habit of selling to the other. And, inasmuch as the sufferer, the complainant, would often be a woman, a child, or some person ignorant and timid, it would be most proper and humane if a society were formed whose aim should be to help such persons in the vindication of their rights.

And might not the principle be extended? It will often happen that damage will be inflicted when it will not be possible to trace out the source whence the liquor was obtained. Would it not be feasible—it certainly would be just—to assess the damages upon all the liquor-sellers of the town or county? I think that such a measure would be sustained by the public sentiment and sympathy of the community.

An experiment? Oh, yes! But is it not an experiment worth trying? In the worst event, it can but add one to the list of our failures. If it prove but an imperfect remedy, it will not have been tried in vain. Better to attempt a partial good and effect it than to aim at a greater and achieve nothing. If we cannot carry the dram-shop by storm, let us try turning the flank.

LETTER FROM ROME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

I AM sincerely Catholic, and I rejoice in being so. I consider it one of the first duties of every man to study carefully his religion to see if it entirely corresponds to the exigencies of the relations he holds with the Divinity. If my conscience does not deceive me, I give to the study of my religion an upright and unprejudiced mind—and I will venture to say, further, humble before God; which leads me to meditate on his maxims, to investigate his laws, and to understand the grandeur of his designs for man, from his creation down to our days. If I encounter difficulties that I cannot overcome alone I go to the authoritative ministry of bishops and doctors instituted by Christ, asking of them explanations which may render my faith "reasonable," as St. Paul desired. By so doing I recognize thus, as our Redeemer said, "the light of the world." Of this "light" I demand the illumination of my mind when it is darkened with the clouds of doubt. Not to heed the request of any disciple, however insignificant, or to mystify any mind, however simple, who invokes this light, which is to them the bread of truth and life, is to fail in their sacerdotal ministry, and strike the mission confided them with sterility, instead of rendering it fruitful, according to the divine words which said: "I have appointed you that you may go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit may remain"—that "fruit of righteousness," that "good fruit," the "fruit without hypocrisy." A contemptuous, cowardly, or calculating silence on the part of the ministers toward any one who in sincerity of heart and candor of spirit openly appeals to their authority is equivalent to formal apostasy. An Anglo-Saxon Catholic, in full and regular communion with the Church of Rome, I address the bishops and doctors of my own race in Europe and America, as I find myself in the midst of difficulties which greatly trouble my mind and disturb the serenity of my soul. I will place these difficulties before them in simplicity and frankness, awaiting a just reply. I mean that they shall assume the responsibility of my soul before that Christ who said to the Apostles, and to their successors, that one soul is worth more than the whole world! And, if ye are the "light of the world," hide it not under a bushel of prevaricating darkness, but "so let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify"—not man, but—"your Father who is in Heaven."

I have recently read the declaration of the Second Œcumenical Council of Constantinople, where the letter of Iba is condemned as "manifestly heretical and Nestorian, and in every way contrary to the Chalcedonian faith, and entirely worthy of anathema." Against this declaration place that of Pope Vigilius, who had, on the contrary, sustained in a dogmatic letter that Ibas'* letter should remain uncensured.

The contradictory decision of the Council and Pope Vigilius was the cause of a violent dispute. But, finally, the latter being menaced with excommunication as a heretic, retracted, and in a second letter, declared that the Devil had suborned him, in order to separate him from his brother bishops (!), and so he had fallen into error.

After this I read the deliberation of the Fathers in the Council of Constantinople (which was equally ecumenical) to fulminate an anathema against Pope Honorius for having followed in all respects the opinion of Sergius,† and confirmed impious dogmas. (*Per omnia mentem Sergii secutus, et impia dogmata confirmavit.—Decree XIII.*)

Then I read again the declaration of the Council of Constance (Fourth Session), which runs thus: "This holy Constantian Synod declares the following: Firstly, that the said Synod, legitimately assembled in the Holy Spirit, holds directly from Christ the power which every one, in whatever state or condition, even that of the Pope, must obey in all that appertains to faith." And in the Fifth Session in the same way it declares that "every one, of whatever condition, state, or dignity, even that of the Pope, who perversely should refuse to obey the commandments, statutes, decrees, and precepts of this Holy Synod or of any other universal council, if he does not make full amendment, should be submitted to condign punishment."

Now we will pass to the Council of Basle, and listen to the decision of the Fathers in the Second Session of that assembly: "*It is hereby declared that the Synod assembled in the Holy Spirit, composing a general council and representing the Church militant, has power directly from Jesus Christ, and that every person, of whatever state or dignity, and the Pope himself, is obliged to obey it in all that concerns faith and the general reform of the Church in its head and in its members.*"

Now here are four councils—two in the Orient and two in the Occident—which, while they recognize and proclaim the authority and primary jurisdiction of the Pope, nevertheless deny his infallibility in the most solemn manner, both in word and in practice.

It is not our intention to make any question now about the greater or lesser authority which either of these four councils possess. We simply consider the fact, of great importance, that four assemblies of bishops, representing many centuries, not only ignore the infallibility of the Pope, but speak, decide, and act in a manner diametrically opposite. And, moreover, during that long period of time not a single voice was raised in the Church to condemn those Fathers, doctors, and teachers of heresy! On the contrary, incredible to relate, there was not a single pope who complained at seeing his own infallibility unrecognized and denied!

And now I ask: Is it possible that a truth which must have its firm foundation in the explicit texts of Holy Scripture, and in the irrefutable documents of tradition, should have been ignored and denied with impunity at the most opportune period for discussing it? Hundreds and hundreds of bishops, representatives of the Universal Church, declared the dogmatic letter of Pope Vigilius to be heretical, and obliged him to retract, under threat of anathema. They fearlessly declared Pope Honorius heretic, and condemned him with the most severe formulas; and yet no one said to any of those Fathers and leaders of Christianity: "Take care! You oppose a great truth contained in the depository of revelation!" No one—no pope, nor bishop, nor doctor—ever dreamed of condemning those declarations as contrary to a revealed truth. And this in the East. In the West they went still further. The bishops, reunited at Constance and at Basle by canon, made the obedience and submission of the Pope obligatory to the dogmatic or disciplinary decrees emanating from an œcumenical council, whoever they may be. And how is it that, on hearing this "horrible blasphemy," as the defenders of the papal infallibility would now call it—and that, on seeing the prevarication of so large a part of the Episcopate—that the whole Church did not rise as one man to protest? How is it that a solemn and public retraction was not demanded of those Fathers? And how is it that for many centuries the Council of Constance was considered, above all things, the maker of unity in the Catholic Church, which was torn by the schisms of three popes, each of whom pretended the most catholic obedience and homage to its decrees?

When we consider these facts, or place them against the recent decisions of the Vatican Council, which proclaims the infallibility of the Pope, the mind staggers in the darkness that lies between truth and error. There must be truth on one side or the other—it cannot be on both; and we come to you, bishops and doctors, to reconcile these things, to show us the truth that we fail to discern. And, if you succeed in bringing arguments that persuade and convince these, you will be in a fair way to disperse other doubts. By helping us you prove your holy mission; by saving us you prove your infallibility.

AN ANGLO-SAXON CATHOLIC.

ROME, December, 1871.

* A distinguished abbot, General of Oriental Monks.

† Oriental Patriarch.

Literary Department.

THE ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITE POETS.*

It is now nearly twenty years since the art circles of London were disturbed by the appearance of some pictures which set at defiance most of the preconceived notions of painting. English artists had long become habituated to a good deal of mannerism in their style, and any innovation upon established customs was carefully guarded against. But several young artists were rapidly becoming dissatisfied with the principles in vogue governing art at that time. Mr. Holman Hunt was just rising into notice; Millais had for some time been known as a young student who was bitterly opposed to the governing dicta of art; and these two found a cordial sympathizer in Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose father, an Italian exile, was professor of Italian in King's College, London. These three men—Millais, Rossetti, and Hunt—sympathizing in their views and determining upon organized action, founded a society called the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. A magazine, *The Germ*, was established, with Rossetti as its editor; and the new coterie soon came prominently forward into public attention. Giotto and the other painters before Raphael were the artists most admired by this singular clique, which laid down as its fundamental principle an ardent study of Nature itself, and a firm determination to ignore whatever arbitrary rules a long reign of academies and schools had established.

This, then, was the origin of the celebrated "Pre-Raphaelite" movement, which has, with all its faults, eliminated from English art much that was faulty, and, as we shall see, has exerted no unimportant influence upon English poetry. The so-called "Pre-Raphaelite" poets—prominent among whom are Swinburne, Morris, and the Rossettis—differ in many respects; but to class them together is certainly much nearer truth than the arbitrary assignment to the Lake School of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge—three men who had little in common. The men composing this new faction in literature have all of them been prominently identified with the revulsion in art which we have described. Let us glance at the causes of their success.

Algernon Charles Swinburne is still a very young man. Born in 1843, his education was conducted partly at Oxford and partly in France; Victor Hugo and Walter Savage Landor seemed to have been the two authors he most deeply admired; and his studies in France and Italy seem to have been profitably carried on, although in a rather desultory manner. In 1861 young Swinburne published two tragedies—the "Queen Mother" and "Rosamond"—which were very similar in manner and style. The first was much the better of the two in many ways. There never was a more wily queen or a more villainous woman than Catharine de Medici; and Charles IX, with his weak tastes and childish reliance upon the queen mother, is certainly a worthy subject for literary treatment. The time of the action of Mr. Swinburne's tragedy was at the hight of the persecution of the Protestants in Paris; and it seems to us that the cunning of the queen the lurid hideousness of Paris, the vacillation of the king, and the innocence of his victims are depicted with admirable fidelity in this tragedy. Of "Rosamond" we can hardly speak in such commendatory terms. The drama seems weak and unsatisfactory, while it shows some indications of genius in stray passages.

These two plays, remarkable in themselves, and all the more notable as the productions of a boy of eighteen, do not appear to have attracted much attention. *The Athenæum* criticised them sharply, and it was not until the publication of "Atalanta in Calydon," in 1865, that Swinburne rose to any prominent position. This poem fared better at the hands of the critics, and deserved its better fate. Enlish imitations of Greek tragedies—Mr. Arnold's "Merope," for example—had not been very successful; and any achievement in so difficult a field naturally redounded to the credit of its author. The legend of Atalanta, purely classical as it is, affords an excellent theme for a tragedy, and Mr. Swinburne handled it with some skill. The character of Atalanta, especially, is admirably drawn; and, if Meleager seems less satisfactory, the same can be said of the Tureus of Virgil and the Paris of the "Iliad." The choruses in "Atalanta" were rhythmical, the action direct, and the underlying idea of Fate, the soul of Greek tragedies, was carefully kept in view.

In 1866 appeared "Chastelard," wherein Mary Queen of Scots furnished the theme, with Bothwell, Mary Beaton, and the rest, as subordinate characters. This tragedy was hardly as good as "Atalanta," or, indeed, as the "Queen Mother," published five years previously. The difficulty of the subject, the character of Mary, the nature of her court, the peculiarity of the circumstances, all conspired to defeat the object of the poet. But Mr. Swinburne was evidently on more congenial ground than in the previous tragedy, and certain scenes in the drama are remarkably fine.

Following the publication of these books, Mr. Swinburne became a frequent contributor to the periodical press. "A Song of Italy" appeared in 1867, and the *Fortnightly Review* published many exquisite short poems from his pen. But at this time the attention of the public was most prominently drawn toward him by the publication of "Poems and Ballads," which book appeared in 1866, and excited a perfect tempest of denunciation. Nearly all the leading English journals severely criticised the book, which was pronounced unfit for circulation or perusal. So great was the storm that Moxon withdrew the volume, and Mr. Swinburne was compelled to defend himself by the publication of a pamphlet. How bitterly the reviews criticised the immorality of "Dolores," and "Faustine," and "Anactoria" is well remembered, nor will the episode soon pass from the history of English literature.

Mr. Swinburne's defense was that of the dramatic nature of the poems. If these poems are merely studies of character, he argued, their author should no more be held responsible for their sentiments than Shakespeare for Shylock, Byron for Manfred, or Massinger for Doctor Faustus. That the choice of such subjects is an indication of a perverted genius we should hardly dare admit; and such an outburst of critical rage was hardly to be expected from a nation which numbers among its literary treasures the translations of Marlowe, the fables of Gay, the satires of Swift, and the novels of Fielding. True, the present age is far more moral than that of the authors we have named; but Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" bear a similar relation to our times to that which the works of the dramatists of the Restoration bore to the works of Sir Thomas Browne and of some of his contemporaries. The poems in the book are many of them of the most exquisite melody. "Dolores," in particular, is not to be surpassed in marvelously rhythmical versification.

But Mr. Swinburne has undoubtedly profited by many of the criticisms upon this unfortunate volume. His "Songs before Sunrise" are purely political lyrics, of much power, and we do not recently notice any of the frantic fierceness after famishing furnaces and bloodless burnings of behemoths, and the other miserable alliterations which so disfigured his earlier writings. Mr. Swinburne has an undoubted poetic gift; and, when undue criticisms and undeserved laudations have ceased, he will unquestionably take a high position.

Of Mr. Swinburne's prose the less said the better. The very merits of his poetry render his prose nearly unintelligible to the average reader. His "William Blake," published, we believe, in 1868, and his *Fortnightly Review* articles are written in a style so extravagant, so involved, and so worthless as to require translation about as much as Goethe's "Faust" or Richter's "Titan."

But we have already spoken too long of Mr. Swinburne, and must pass to his companions of the new poetical school. William Morris published his first book, the "Defense of Guenevere," in 1856; but it met with a cold reception—so much that on the appearance of his "Jason," in 1867, he was regarded as a new poet. Mr. Morris far surpasses Swinburne as a storyteller, and his book upon its appearance was greeted with much critical acclamation. Swinburne, indeed, rent the air with his frantic applause over the new Chaucer; but, notwithstanding this over-praise, Morris justly took a high place in literature almost immediately. Plainly, simply, and beautifully the romantic story of "Jason" proceeded to its close; and one felt, after its perusal, that a genuine storyteller had appeared. The poem was truly admirable in many ways—in terseness, beauty, and pathos. And the "Earthly Paradise," of which "Jason" was really a part, continued and increased Mr. Morris's reputation as a genuine poet. Again the world turned with interest to the old stories of Venus and Bellerophon and Gudrun and the rest, and forgot its haste in the reading.

The undertone of all Mr. Morris's poems is the love of life for living's sake, and the fear of death as the termination of all things. Necessarily, this makes them sad, with all their splendor of description and their sweetness of versification. But this is possibly consistent with their plan and purpose. "The Earthly Paradise" is unquestionably Pre-Raphaelitism in its best form.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was, as has been said, one of the originators of the new artistic school, in 1850. A man of modest and retiring genius, he was but little known as a poet until the publication of his volume in 1870. Although his reputation as a patient and thorough artist and as a careful student of Dante was widely spread, his poems had been published in obscure periodicals, and the public was hardly prepared for so good a volume. Rossetti's best poem, we think, is "The Blessed Damozel," a production of exquisite delicacy, which avoided sensuality, on the one hand, and frigidity, on the other. The idea of the poem—that of a woman in Heaven bewailing her lover on earth—was not more quaint and original than the manner of its treatment. "Jenny" is another good poem, of the subjective school of Browning. The poem about "Lilith" seems hardly equal to these, and there are some other verses inferior to those we have mentioned. But in another and most difficult department Mr. Rossetti is most successful—that of the sonnet. Those who have waded through Leigh Hunt's collection of these despised and difficult productions would do well to compare Rossetti's with those of other writers. Rossetti is a painter in verse, and he works in rich and lasting colors.

Christina G. Rossetti has much poetic feeling, a subdued fancy, and a quaint style. Throughout her volumes there is a vein of sadness in nowise similar to the sensuous joyfulness of her brother's poems. That she occupies a high position in poesy no one claims; that she sustains the reputation of her family, and writes touching and beautiful verse, the world has long since admitted.

Another poet, somewhat allied to Swinburne and the Rossettis, is Philip Bourke Marston. Mr. Marston's life has been embittered by the loss of one dear to him; and, as in the case of Miss Rossetti, his pastoral color his poetry with a somber hue. Subjective to intensity, sensitive to a fault, he is at home in purely passionate writing; and, if he will avoid a tendency toward over-sentimentality, he will do good service to poetical literature.

Such, then, are a few of the more prominent members of this singular literary guild. Robert Browning was its forerunner and predecessor, and the romantic and picturesque have been its fields. Frequently mistaking oddity for genius, and occasionally marring whole books by an affectation almost painful, these Pre-Raphaelite poets have nevertheless done a service to literature.

The superiority of Morris and the Rossettis to Gerald Massey and Allingham and Dobell, who had the ear of the British public ten years ago, is unquestioned. And much of the future of English poetry, when Tennyson and Browning shall be gone, depends upon the work of the Pre-Raphaelites.

—Lord Bantam, by the author of "Ginx's Baby," (Geo. Routledge & Sons), is a witty satire upon reforms and reformers in England. The hero, who is heir to the largest estate in the Four Kingdoms, contracts radical tendencies from the very day of his vaccination; and, as he grows up, alarms his family and his friends with his Chartist ideas. Nothing can check his enthusiasm for the working-classes; he fraternizes with the roughest reformers, joins red revolutionary clubs, turns a deaf ear to the expostulations of the earl, his father, and is looked upon as the coming leader of the English Communists. In his twenty-fifth year his father dies. For a week the young earl is closeted with his grief and with the rent-rolls of his estate. He finds that his inheritance exceeds £700,000 per annum. His first appearance after this change in his affairs is to receive an address from his old friends, the Chartists. He receives it with some embarrassment. His late associates of the "Social Anti-Climax League" stand waiting for him to declare himself their leader in the movement for the equal distribution of property and the "transfiguration of labor." But Lord Bantam hesitates.

"Well, my lord," says Broadbent, the Chartist leader, "we await your answer. We are prepared to follow you to the death."

"No doubt—a—Mr. Broadbent. But, Mr.—Broadbent and my good friends, I—I—have lately had to reconsider the subject of this address with some care; and—in fact, gentlemen—I have seen reason to change my opinion."

—Mr. Augustus Hoppin's *Ups and Downs* is a volume of sketches made during a recent European tour. They picture, often well and vividly, characters and incidents of the way, and have both humor and variety, though an unnecessarily jumbled effect is produced by putting drawings of different scale upon the same page. The execution is generally good, always excepting Mr. Hoppin's horses, which he draws execrably. Until he has studied it and Mr. John Leech's drawings of it in "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," and elsewhere, to more purpose, Mr. Hoppin should let this beast strictly alone. We could have well spared, too, his revolting pictures of sea-sick persons. But travelers who have made the "grand tour" will recognize much that is true and amusing in these engravings. The memoranda of persons met on the way would be more enjoyable if he had depicted fewer members of his own family. Here is an intolerable deal of Hoppin. (J. R. Osgood &Co.)

—The Devil: Does he Exist, and what does he Do? Father Delaporte, Professor of Dogma in the Faculty of Bordeaux, asks this question, and answers it, by theology, by history, and by legend. Father Delaporte has no doubt that the Devil exists; and he shows a startling familiarity with his habits, his haunts, and his intentions. The book is prefaced by a letter of Bishop De Segur, of St. Denis, to the author. "Reverend Father," says the Bishop, "if every one busied himself with the Devil as you do, the Kingdom of God would gain by it." In spite of the Bishop, however, we must record our conviction that it is not faith in the Devil that saves the soul; and that the less one busies oneself with him the better. Father Delaporte gives some specific directions about the use of holy water, the sign of the cross, etc., in exorcism. These measures may answer very well against the French Devil; but our American Beelzebub is a potentate that goeth not forth on any such hints. On the whole, we are not confident that this volume will enlarge our stock of useful knowledge.

—Sacred Geography and Antiquities, by the Rev. E. P. Barrows, D.D., (Tract Society), adds another and one of the most valuable to the growing list of books of reference for the Sunday-school teacher and the lay student of the Bible. The first half of the book is devoted to the Geography of Palestine and the other biblical countries. It is carefully compiled, in the light of recent explorations; and it describes with clearness the physical features of the lands of the Bible, their productions, and their populations. The archæological portion is divided into three parts—Domestic Antiquities, Civil Antiquities, and Sacred Antiquities; in each of which divisions is grouped a great amount of interesting information. Several good maps, a large number of fine illustrations, and a voluminous index, both of subjects and of texts illustrated, greatly increase the value of the book.

—In *Scripture Texts Illustrated by General Literature* the Rev. Francis Jacox has brought together a rich collection of wise sayings, in poetry and prose, upon subjects treated in the Bible. The titles of many of the chapters into which the book is divided are alliterative and fanciful, rather than descriptive; but the volume is much better than the promise of its table of contents. Mr. Jacox has been an omnivorous reader, and his selections are choice and abundant. The essay upon which they are strung is but slight, but that is no matter; we read for the quotations, and are never defrauded. A copious index makes the book valuable for reference. Any churchgoer who is fond of listening to sermons enriched with apposite and felicitous quotation will do well to add this book to his minister's library. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)

—Starkweather's Sunday-school Geography is an atlas representing the various countries of the East according to their ancient boundaries, with questions upon the maps. The maps are rather coarsely executed, and the general make-up of the book is slovenly. If the thing was worth doing, it was worth doing a little more carefully. But we doubt if it was worth doing. The attempt to introduce into Sunday-schools any such elaborate study of geography as this book contemplates would not, in our opinion, be judicious.

—Mr. G. W. Waters's *Rainbow Fall, Watkins's Glen*, is a showy chromo, representing a gorge, through which a stream brawls, gathering in a deep pool in the foreground; while a rainbow appears in a veil of falling water to the left. The rainbow has, indeed, no business to appear there, for the sun is on the wrong side—that is to say, on the farther side of the mist. Still, the scene is a pretty one; and nothing but the crudeness of color, which seems inseparable from the chromo-lithograph, prevents the picture, too, from being beautiful.

—A Rationale of the Church's Liturgic Worship, by the Rev. William Budder, D.D., (Lippincott), presents the arguments for the use of the Prayer-book with considerable force. The assumption that the Episcopal Church is *the* Church, which appears in the title, disfigures the book. It is about time that it were understood that such an assumption is ungentlemanly and vulgar, as well as being unchristian.

—Saint Abe and his Seven Wives is a series of clever sketches, in verse, of character and passion in Utah and at Salt Lake. The book is dedicated, in the spirit of "wise old English jollity," to Dan Chaucer. The author has withheld his name—unwisely, we think; for the poem shows real humor and literary skill. (Geo. Routledge & Sons.)

—The *Poems and Ballads of Goethe* are selections from the minor pieces of the great German, admirably translated by W. E. Aytoun and Theodore Martin, and republished here by Holt & Williams. This little volume forms a fit companion to Mr. Leland's translation of Heine, published by the same house.

—The Harpers issue in a pretty 8vo volume the Rev. R. A. Wilmott's *Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, with large additions, in part composed of American poems, by the American editors. The volume contains many of the choicest short pieces of verse in the English language.

—Footprints of Roger Williams, by the Rev. Z. A. Mudge, is a pleasing sketch of the life of that great apostle of religious liberty. The author has aimed to be accurate as well as entertaining, and his book is a good one for a Sunday-school library. (Carlton & Lanahan.)

—Our Home Beyond the Tide and other Kindred Poems is a collection by Ellen G. Miles of elegiac verses, intended as a companion to "The Changed Cross" and "The Shadow of the Rock." The poems are generally good, and the book is well printed.

—We are pleased to see that Lippincott has begun the republication of *The Contemporary Review*, one of the best English monthlies. Now will not be a some other publisher give us *The Fortnightly Review*, edited by G. H. Lewes?

—The Wonders of Vegetation is a companion to the little volume upon "The Wonders of Water," that we noticed last week, and possesses the same merits and demerits. (C. Scribner & Co.)

—The Holy Spirit's Work, by Rev. Gideon Draper, (Tibbals), is a plain and practical treatise upon the nature and effects of the work of the Divine Spirit upon the human soul.

—Grace Greenwood's *Recollections of My Childhood, and other Stories*, are gracefully told, and will attract many readers, both young and old. (J. R. Osgood & Co.)

—Vessels of the Sanctuary and The Priests' Sister are light and Frenchy love stories, of very little merit. (Sadlier.)

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Systematic Theology. By Chas. Hodge, D.D. Vol. II. 8vo, pp. 723. C. Scribner & Co.....

Wild Scenes and Wild Beasts; or, Scenes in Camp and Jungle. By Lt.-Col. Gordon Cumming. 12mo, pp. 372. The same.....

The Wonders of Vegetation. From the French of Fulgence Marion. Edited by Schele de Vere, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 61 Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 253. The same.....

Physiology of the Soul and Instinct. By Martyn Paine, A. M., M.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 767. Harper & Bros.....

Fair to See. A novel. By L. W. M. Lockhart. 12mo, pp. 180. The same.....

Schools and Schoolmasters. From the Writings of Thos. Hughes. Edited by J. J. Chapman, M.A. 12mo, pp. 215. A. S. Barnes & Co.....

Aunt Patty's Scrap-Bag. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 16mo, pp. 323. T. B. Peterson & Bros.....

Jane on the Stairs, and other Poems. By W. H. Venable. 16mo, pp. 122. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.....

The Infinite and the Finite. By Theophilus Parsons. 12mo, pp. 156. Roberts Bros.....

Stedfast Abbey; or, Nothing New. By Emma Marshall. 16mo, pp. 247. Robert Carter & Bros.....

St. Paul in Rome. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. 16mo, pp. 311. The same.....

Eccleta: a Second Series of Essays on Theological Questions. By Various Writers. 12mo, pp. 413. London: Hodder & Stoughton.....

The Christian Marriage Ceremony. By J. F. Bingham, D.D. 8vo, pp. 229. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.....

Ten Thousand a Year. A Novel. By S. C. Warren, Esq. 8vo, paper, pp. 111. Harper & Bros.....

The *N. Y. Observer* Year Book for 1872. 8vo, pp. 176. S. H. Rider, Jr., & Co.....

First Lessons in Physics; for the Upper Grades of Common Schools. By C. L. Hotze. 12mo, pp. 176. St. Louis: Hendricks & Chittenden.

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FIERCE Winds, fierce Winds, what will ye?
We will that the sap shall flow,
That the dark roots tremble, and the strong limbs glow,
And buds be born with tears. We will that a cry
Awaken the dead at midnight: "Spring is nigh."

Sweet Winds, sweet Winds, what will ye?
We will that the leaves unfold,
That the South bring incense, and the West bring gold;
And, rocked in silken cradles, young blossoms cream
'Till their petals crimson and their pale fruits gleam.

Wild Winds, wild Winds, what will ye?
We will that from deep-linked seas,
Deserts, and lone blights, cities, and tropic trees
Burdens be wafted—laughters, and sighs, and store,
Till the fruit hath caught life's flavor to its core.

Soft Winds, soft Winds, what will ye?
We will that a mist of calm,
A trance gold-dusted, an ethereal balm,
Bathe the glad orchard, and the Sun's gilding hand
On each ripe globe his fiery signet brand.

Strange Winds, strange Winds, what will ye?
We will that the sad leaves fall,
That the fruit be plucked, and Desolation's pall
Drop from the noon of Heaven. And we will that this
Doom *come lightly, wind-borne, as came Life's first kiss.*

Cold Winds, cold Winds, what will ye?
We will that the silent snow
Shroud Earth's stript Eden; only where footprints show
Of Him who walks at even, carving mute-white
Seal "Death is but sleep where God hath said good-night."

FANCHON.

CHRIST'S SURPRISES TO HIS PEOPLE.

BY REV. WM. DE LOSS LOVE.

IT is characteristic of man to desire all things plain to his vision, so that he may walk by sight, and not by faith. It is characteristic of God to come often to men concealed, and, after bestowing on them some blessing, to give some marked manifestation of himself, and disappear. Jesus said he would manifest himself to them that love him, and that he and the Father would come unto them. His manifestations of himself to the disciples between his resurrection and ascension were personal surprises. They are now often spiritual surprises. The former are suggestive, if not typical, of the latter. Mary Magdalene was surprised when Jesus was revealed to her at the open tomb, and she exclaimed, "Master!" When the other women hastened from the sepulcher to tell the disciples that an angel said he was risen, they were greatly surprised by his "All hail." It was a surprise to the seven, as they sat at meat, and he suddenly appeared among them, and upbraided them for their unbelief and hardness of heart. The two that traveled to Emmaus that resurrection day first experienced his coming in concealment, then his manifestation, then his departure, to appear unto them again elsewhere. Not that believers receive no expected visits from the Saviour, but many surprises. If they were faithful and believing, as they should be, their surprises might be less, and their anticipated visits more.

Many Christians seem to be in a baffled and doubting condition, as were the two of their way to Emmaus. They have been disappointed; they are in bewilderment over anticipated blessings that come not, and modes of deliverance that have failed them. They are stretching out their hands for succor that they hardly expect. And, while not aware of it, they are often making their complaints of disappointment to the very Being who holds all-willing, all-empowered to bless them. Nor often do they learn his presence until just as he leaves them. Yet, if only they would know and consider that it is Jesus who has come to walk to them, to open to them the Scriptures, and comfort them, what richer and fuller foretastes of Heaven they might have! Their faith seems so small that they cannot hear or cannot have continuous manifested presence even in their hearts. As soon as they discover the Saviour, he withdraws, because they are not faith enough yet to be allowed to go nearly by sight. Like the two disciples, they often say: "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel"; when, behold! the Redeemer is right there with them, and is blessing them, though they know it not and know him not. And, as the two disciples proclaimed their blind disappointment that Israel was not redeemed when they expected to do it, when deliverance had actually just been accomplished, so many doubting, inquiring are bemoaning that there is no redemption for them, when it has actually been made, and by an unseen hand is now held out to them, to be received by faith if they will.

But it is but that when you hear one say "I have tried to obtain the blessing, but it has eluded me"? Is not justification and the blessing of the spirit of adoption and of peace right there ready for him to take, if only they will believe that Christ died to procure it all? What more is to be done but that they believe on Him and do as he bolleys? Their justification is complete? Because, thus far, satisfaction and joy is a veritable result, and the peace which is the fruit of the spirit will surely ensue. Many a one is clambering after some sign of redemption that is already present for him and ready to his hand. He is bemoaning that he is disappointed, which he could not reach the Saviour though by some inscrutable providence he had become separated from him, as others had found him, just as the disciples were bemoaning their Lord gone and entombed, though they said it was a rumor that morning that he was risen, and appeared to some who were close enough to be early at the sepulcher.

Many of these bemoaning souls have Christ appear to them, and in a way that they little expected. When they are up struggling of themselves he will lift them up, and they are safe. They try to get the evidence of adoption by making themselves feel it. When they are up, and say, "The Lord must surely have it never shall have; I will trust in my fellow, and thankfully receive what he gives," then soon their hearts will burn within them, and they find that Jesus is talking with them by the way. Many Christians of long experience are daily struggle thus for spiritual consolations and peace, and are baffled in their own unbelief, until, helpless, they fall down at the foot of the cross. Then the cross shines forth to them their Saviour.

Persons have a like experience in this: First they try to pray for satisfaction and mean to wrestle it out by their own strength. They mean to be fervid, and long upon their knees, much over which

Insurance.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

We seem disposed all the world over to attach too much importance to high-sounding names in their connection with the management of our public institutions. Men who have attained celebrity as soldiers, as lawyers, as financiers are eagerly sought for to become managers of enterprises, not from their acquaintance with the business in hand, but because their reputation, earned though it be in quite another sphere, will form an attractive feature and create public confidence in the undertaking.

This we assume to be a mistake. It may be, and perhaps is, a guaranty for honesty; but integrity without knowledge will not command success.

This is very common in England, where the prestige of a title outweighs more important considerations, and has been, as Mr. Hodge, president of the London Institute of Actuaries, says, one of the first causes that has brought distress upon the life insurance business in that country. "The ignorant presumption of those who undertake insurance business as if, like the editing of a newspaper, every fool was born with a special faculty for it," are the words he uses, the truth of which we can readily recognize.

We do not wish to be understood as undervaluing respectability, or the position that has been fairly earned by intelligence and moral worth; but the idea we would impress our readers with is, that life insurance requires the administration of men educated to the business, who understand its minutest details and the true principles on which it is founded.

A life company under such management cannot fail to be successful, or to give the utmost satisfaction to all assured in it; and, if to this is added enterprise and energy, tempered with discretion, the future of such a society will be to outstrip all its contemporaries.

Financial & Commercial.

[*For additional Financial Matter see Fifth Page.*]

CONVERTIBLE BONDS.

When legal-tender notes were first issued the law authorizing the issue provided for their conversion at the pleasure of the holder into six per cent. Five-Twenty bonds. This convertible property gave them a standard of value; and, had Congress firmly adhered to the original principle upon which they were issued, they would not have depreciated to the extent they did during the war. We have always held that the act of Congress in withdrawing from them this property was virtually a breach of good faith, as well as financially bad policy.

It is now more than a year since we suggested the expediency of restoring to those notes the property of convertibility into United States bonds at the option of the holder, and also making the bonds exchangeable on demand for the notes whenever presented for payment. Our idea was that each should be convertible into the other, and that the bonds thus issued should bear an annual interest of 3.65-100 per cent. in coin, or at the rate of one cent. a day on each one hundred dollars. We still hold the same idea, and renew our appeal to the Government in its favor. While it does not dispose of the question which refers to the ultimate redemption of legal-tender notes, and their final withdrawal from circulation, it would, in the meantime, secure a variety of important advantages, so far as we can see, without any evils.

Among these advantages we name, as the first, convenience to the public. All persons and all institutions having greenbacks, for which they had no immediate use, could fund them into bonds at a low rate of interest, with the certainty of promptly receiving them again, by returning the bonds, whenever wanted. The bonds would be equal to a letter of credit to the traveler or the purchaser in all parts of the country. That such a system would greatly serve the public convenience there can be no doubt. That it would be extensively used by the people is equally clear.

As to the quantity of bonds issued, the system would be entirely self-regulating, adapting itself to the currency wants of the people, and thus relieving our currency from its present rigid inelasticity. Whenever the currency should be in excess of the necessities of business, it would be taken out of the market, by being funded into these bonds; and so, whenever there should be a demand for it, the supply would be furnished by exchanging the bonds for currency. This would make our monetary system of paper circulation elastic, as it is not now, and contribute to exempt the market from those alternations of tightness and redundancy which are so troublesome and even disastrous to business. The quantity of legal-tender notes in circulation would be regulated by the wants of the public, being neither excessive nor deficient; and this, plainly, would be a great improvement upon the present state of things.

The legal-tender notes, by being thus fundable, would be redeemable; and, hence, have a standard of value just equal to that of the bonds into which they would be made exchangeable. They would actually represent *something*. Nor can we doubt whether this feature would tend, with other causes, to bring them up to the point of equivalency with gold. They would be worth more than they now are, by having a gold interest-bearing bond behind them, at the option of the holder. This fact would be an element of increased value, and by so much contribute to make greenbacks equal to coin.

The measure we propose has the merit of being an act of justice on the part of the Government toward the people. It would be an offer to pay a forced loan, bearing no interest, with an interest-bearing bond. The holder of legal-tender notes would have the option of exchanging them for such a bond, and then converting the bond into the notes, according to his own convenience or necessity. If the Government is not prepared to pay the notes in specie, then it ought to do the next best thing for the people; and this is to give them the offer of taking its bonds at a low rate of interest. It is high time that some effort were made to remove from these notes their absolutely irredeemable character.

The Government, moreover, while issuing these bonds, and receiving greenbacks for them, would have the opportunity of using a portion of the latter in paying off its own six per cent bonds, and thus greatly reducing the rate of interest. The plan, wisely managed, would, while serving the convenience of the people, substitute millions of bonds bearing 3 65-100 per cent. interest for outstanding matured six per cent. bonds. In this respect, and so far as it secured this end, it would be a funding process, at a cheaper rate of interest. We believe that this would be one of its results. The Government would in the end gain in its interest account, by offering to redeem its non-interest-bearing debt with a bond bearing the rate of interest we have named.

We should like to see this plan tried, believing that the result would be good, and only good. It would certainly be a boon to the money market, and no damage to the Government or the people.

TIGHT MONEY MARKET.

MORE RAILWAY FACILITIES.

We have had for some time past remarkable stringency in the money market, with high rates of interest; a condition of affairs militating directly against the commercial interests of the country. When money commands seven per cent. gold interest and an eighth of one per cent. per day commission it is out of the reach of ordinary commercial transactions, and works great injury to all legitimate business.

The causes of the present "tightness" in money are mainly attributed to the great conflagration in Chicago, which destroyed such vast amounts of wealth. But there are other causes, too potent in their character and too important in results to be overlooked; one of the most fruitful of which is the early closing of inland navigation this year. It is well known that in the early fall large amounts in currency were withdrawn from our Eastern cities for investment in Western produce, which, owing to the early closing of the canals and rivers, has not been moved, and will not be until the opening of spring, our railroad facilities being totally inadequate to do the business between New York and the West. The investments thus made, instead of being realized upon in thirty days, will require five to six months; thereby bringing embarrassment upon the commercial interests of the whole country, by locking up and preventing the even flow of the currency over the country. The total amount thus locked up we have no means of accurately ascertaining; but the aggregate must be very large, numbering many millions of dollars. That which was in transit, and shut in the canals, alone exceeds in value *five millions* of dollars; so that the whole amount locked up is sufficient to have an important influence in bringing about the present condition of the money market.

As a result, business is stagnated, prices of Western produce in their elevators and warehouses is greatly depreciated, the Western dealer cramped if not bankrupted, and the energies of the farmer paralyzed. To prevent recurrences of these causes there is but one remedy; and that is found in additional railway facilities, with cheaper rates of freight, between the great producing section and our Eastern shipping marts. The present trunk line-roads in this trade, even at these high charges, are literally gorged with freight, of which they have capacity to move but a tithe of that which is offered. Our carrying facilities are totally inadequate, and must be multiplied, and reduced rates established. This is an alternative demanded alike by the welfare of the producing and consuming classes as well as by the urgent needs of commerce, both present and prospective.

The traffic which will be offered by the Northern Pacific Road alone to a trunk line leading from Upper Illinois direct to New York will, by the time of its final completion, heavily tax the carrying capacities of a single road, and the business to be contributed by many lines already projected and being built, penetrating new sections of the West, from the Red River of the North to the rich Southwestern States, coupled with the fact that, with the employment of *all* the *means* at hand, more than one-third of the produce intended for our Eastern market is not now moved, for lack of transportation, and our necessities in this regard are apparent.

More adequate means of transportation between the producing states and the Atlantic seaboard are demanded by every material interest of our people. And when they are supplied upon the basis suggested, and not till then, may we expect a remedy for the anomalous evils by which we are at present surrounded, which are proving to be so disastrous to our commercial interests.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

It rarely falls to the lot of victors to issue from the thickest of a fierce fight, in which many have fallen, without showing the scars and wounds of battle; but from the terrible fire at Chicago we find the old Continental Insurance Company of New York emerging, on the 1st day of January, 1872, with so little apparent injury that one might doubt if it had been in the struggle at all, were it not for its own declaration of a loss sustained in that city of nearly a million and a half of dollars.

This Company, whose steady growth has been repeatedly noticed in our columns, and in whose welfare we have had more than a passing interest, has since its organization, in 1853, proved conclusively the value, and indeed the necessity, of storing up its means to meet *great* emergencies, extraordinary conflagrations, and shows in its records, in another column, that, after paying the immense losses of 1871, its assets on the 1st of January amount to $2,500,000.

It is beyond our knowledge if any other company can show such a record, accomplished without impairing capital, without assessments, and from its reserve, collected for just such a crisis. We cannot hesitate to anticipate for its future a career worthy of its past.

MONEY MARKET.

The week opened with pleasant prospects enough of an easy money market; but there were two circumstances which tended to create a slight feeling of distrust and, to a certain extent, check the tendency of prices in their upward movement. The first of these was the bill presented in Congress by Freeman Clark, making it the duty of the President to resume specie payments by issuing a proclamation any time he might think advisable, between the present and the first of January, 1873; and the other was the "Spanish difficulty," which had a counteracting effect upon the gold market. The price of gold stood still; but money was in active demand at 6 to 7 per cent. As to Mr. Clark's bill, it will produce no serious effects; for every one must discover, on examining its provisions, that it is simply impracticable and impossible. The President can no more affect the price of gold by proclamation than he can affect the price of pig iron or pork. When material causes make greenbacks and gold of equal value in all parts of the Union—which is what Mr. Clark proposes to accomplish by his bill—the President may safely issue his proclamation declaring the fact to the country, though it would be a rather superfluous performance, we confess; but until that time shall arrive all laws upon the subject will be futile. The business public need entertain no fears in regard to Mr. Clark's bill, for there is not the slightest probability of its being seriously discussed by Congress.

The last Bank Statement shows a steady increase of currency by our associated banks, the addition to the legal reserve being $1,600,000 over the amount held at the close of the previous week. A very active speculation in certain leading stocks, such as Northwestern Railroad, preferred and common, Western Union Telegraph, Toledo and Wabash, Lake Shore, Ohio and Mississippi, New York Central, Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and Union Pacific, and Pacific Mail—created so lively a demand for money that the rates on call loans fluctuated from 5 to 7 per cent. At one time on Monday as high as 1-32 per cent. commission was paid, in addition to 7 per cent. interest. But there is now a steady stream of money flowing into Wall Street from the East, as well as from the South and the West; and there is not much likelihood of a dear money market for the next three months.

The very large transactions which daily take place at the Stock Exchange in government securities show that the heavy payments of dividends in this month, which exceed fifty millions of dollars, are seeking reinvestment in dividend-paying securities. Consequently, all first-class investment stocks are in good demand, and prices are generally higher. The leased railroads on which the Pennsylvania Central has guaranteed at 7 per cent. dividend, payable quarterly for ninety-nine years, as the Fort Wayne and Cleveland & Pittsburgh, are growing in favor with prudent investors; but it is not easy to explain why Fort Wayne should be selling at 97 to 99 while Pittsburgh sells at 92, as they have each precisely the same intrinsic value.

The New York Central stocks are steadily increasing in current value, and very much higher prices are predicted for both the shares and the scrip. The scrip cannot rise much above par, for the reason that when it touches that point the company can, at their option, redeem it. The stock at 97½, at which it is now selling, is the cheapest 8 per cent. security on the market. There is no fear that the Midland road and the newly projected road to Chicago from the Hudson will diminish the income of the Central will be reassured as to its permanent value when they learn that "the Commodore" is now making arrangements for laying a third rail from Albany to Buffalo, to accommodate the steadily increasing traffic of the already doubled track.

The stock market has been recently led by an upward movement in Toledo and Wabash, engineered by the veteran operator Daniel Drew, and the price at present hesitates at 74, an advance of 20 per cent. in a short time; but there is talk of a further advance of 10 per cent. But we know nothing more in relation to it than what the rumors of Wall Street furnish. It is certain, however, that the earnings of Wabash have steadily and largely increased; and the clique now carrying the stock cannot sell out, if they wish to do so, until they have put the price considerably above the present rates.

A very active speculation broke out at the close of last week and was continued on Monday in Northwestern, common and preferred, which was caused by some of the German holders of the stock ordering it sold "short" by telegraph. They sent out the stock by steamer; but the heavy winter weather caused such a long passage that before the stock arrived the sellers had to deliver, and forced themselves in a corner, to the immense satisfaction of the "bulls."

The general business of the country is in a very satisfactory condition, and the indications are all favorable to a prosperous season in the spring and summer.

Since our last report the failure of one large dry goods commission house—that of Sprague, Colburn & Co.—and of one state goods concern, have been announced. But there have been fewer failures than usual at the winding-up of the business.

The virtual alliance between Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. and the Rothschilds—the leading banking houses respectively of America and Europe, involving, as it does, a most potent and effective union of capital, financial genius, experience, prestige, and credit—will, doubtless, have more or less permanency, aside from the immediate work of funding the public debt, and the coalition may well be expected to have a most important and beneficial bearing upon the general finances and industrial development of our country. Already no one house is doing so much to unlock, with the key of capital and enterprise, the resources of our fertile West as that of Jay Cooke & Co., and their recent and prospective success in refunding the national debt, together with the powerful financial combination referred to, will greatly increase their ability further to benefit the country in the same direction.

Allen, Stephens & Co. invite public attention to their advertisement concerning railroad bonds, in another column.

The Chesapeake and Ohio (gold) 6 per cent. bonds offered by the well-known banking firm of Fisk & Hatch, and which the public are fully conversant with, have sold at a rapid rate the past few days, and the loan of $15,000,000 will, doubtless, be closed out very shortly.

DRY GOODS.

The course of trade in dry goods during the first month of the year has fully justified our predictions. The demand for all descriptions of standard cotton goods has been active and prices have advanced, with decided indications of a rising market. In fact, the amount of business doing is restricted by the limited quantity of desirable goods in the hands of the manufacturers' agents, which is a very unusual condition of affairs at the commencement of the year. The market is now beginning to feel the effects of the wiping out of existence the large quantity of cotton and woolen fabrics which the conflagration of Chicago made tinder of last October. A good many of the large dealers had the foresight to make provision against the demand which would be inevitable this season, and gave orders in December, which have not yet been filled. Until those orders shall have been filled there is no possibility of any accumulation of desirable goods in first hands.

Some weeks ago we said that the indications of an easy money market, consequent upon the general prosperity of the country, and the determination of the Administration to make our financial affairs comfortable for the country generally, were in every way encouraging for the dry goods business. An evening paper, which professes to be published in the interests of evangelism, takes us to do for this expression of our opinion, which facts abundantly justify. Under the heading of "Questionable Doctrine," this critic says:

"The New York Independent's report of the dry goods trade at the commencement of 1872 contains the following paragraph:

"'There is no department of trade which depends so closely upon the general financial conditions of the country as dry goods for its prosperity. It is, therefore, of the first importance to this interest to have a clear perception of what the chances for an easy money market may be. Our own opinion is, that there is no cause for apprehension on this score. Even though the general conditions of the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the country were less satisfactory than they are, it is so palpably for the interests of the National Administration to keep affairs easy in the commercial centers of the country that the vast resources at the command of the Treasury Department will certainly be employed to secure this end.'

"The Independent's commercial editor has long and earnestly promulgated the mediæval doctrine that it is the business of Government to regulate the money market, and keep things easy for traders and speculators. As well might Government be required to regulate the wages market, or the matrimonial market. Every bachelor or spinster has as good a right to look to the Secretary of the Interior for a suitable partner in life as every merchant has to look to the Secretary of the Treasury for an easy money market. To hoard gold and keep paper currency depreciated, and, consequently, plentiful—which is what The Independent desiderates—so far from being the proper business of Government, is exactly the reverse."

This is a very remarkable piece of misrepresentation, which we charitably assume was the result of sheer ignorance. We did not say that "it was the business of Government to keep things easy for traders and speculators"; nor have we ever said anything in The Independent that would bear such a construction. What we did say was that "it is palpably for the interests of the National Administration to keep things easy at the financial centers of the country." A proposition which no one can call in question. As to the "mediæval doctrine" that it is the duty of Government to regulate the currency, we have not thought it worth while to advocate what the Constitution makes the imperative duty of the Government, and what all governments in all parts of the earth, and in all ages, have accepted as its first duty. If it is the duty of Government to furnish a currency to the people, it follows that it is the duty of the Government to furnish a currency sufficient for their necessities. These palpable and universally accepted truths do not call for any special advocacy from us, as they advocate themselves.

The demand for unbleached sheetings and shirtings has been more active, but the limited quantity of standard goods in first hands restricts transactions. The sales have been at an advance of ¼ cent a yard on standard sheetings.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings are in good demand, and for most descriptions the price is ¼ cent a yard higher than last week's quotations. As the stock in first hands is small, the tendency is to higher rates.

In printing cloths there is less activity; but the market is very firm at 7⅞ to 7⅞ cents for 64 standard extras in the gray.

Prints are comparatively quiet, and only moderate sales have been effected of dark colorings. The activity in prints will not be exhibited until the new spring styles shall be offered. Prices are firm.

Ginghams are in rather more demand, prices are firm, and for the more desirable qualities an advance of 1 cent a yard has been established.

Cotton flannels are in diminished request, and prices are without noticeable change.

Corset jeans are in active demand for the more popular makes, the supply on hand being insufficient for the wants of the trade. Prices are firmly maintained.

Cambrics are selling freely, and the same cause which has acted upon other classes of cotton fabrics have advanced prices of favorite makes ¼ cent a yard.

Rolledjaconets are in good demand, and are held firmly at the advance which has been effected in other goods of a similar character.

Silesias are without special movement, but prices are firm and well sustained.

In all descriptions of blue goods, stripes, ticks, denims, and cottonades there is an increasing demand, and a general tendency of prices to a higher level.

Muslin de laines are without essential change. The new spring styles have not yet been placed upon the market, and prices remain quiet, but steady.

Woolen shawls are in good demand for the season, and the new stripes for spring wear are selling freely. Prices are steady.

Cloths and overcoatings, as well as doeskins, are in improved demand, and the sales have increased considerably with a consequent hardening of prices. Fancy cassimeres are in rather lively demand and prices are firm. The light weights, adapted to the spring demand, and the lower grades are coming into notice.

Satinets are in better demand, but the sales are chiefly confined to the better qualities of black.

In foreign goods there are not, as yet, any important movements. The importers are not making a very tempting display of their samples; but the season is early, and there need be no apprehension of a scarcity of foreign fabrics. There is still a very large supply of standard and staple goods in the bonded warehouses. But prices will rule higher than last year, for two sufficient reasons: the higher cost of the raw material, and the great activity in speculative movements in Great Britain and in Germany. Jobbers need be under no apprehensions of lower prices after making their spring purchases.

CONSOLIDATED U.S. 5s, 4½s, AND 4s

OR

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO SIXES.

Holders of Five-twenties and other maturing or high-priced securities can exchange them or reinvest their capital with great safety and advantages of profit and income by substituting in their place the CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO GOLD BONDS. Only one eighth part of this loan remains unsold, which is being rapidly taken, with every prospect that the future demand will increase their market price far above the limit fixed by the company, 94 and interest, for the remainder. Among the Directors of the Company are Messrs. C. P. Huntington, William H. Aspinwall, A. A. Low, David Stewart, Jonas G. Clark, and others, of New York City, whose personal attention to its affairs insures honorable and successful management.

We offer them with the same confidence with which we have recommended to our friends and customers the bonds of the Government and the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and we have no doubt that they will command a like confidence and price with the latter in home and foreign markets.

Principal payable in 1899; interest, May and November. They are issued as registered or coupon bonds, in denominations of

$100, coupling, with accrued interest, to-day $96 19
$500, " " " " " 480 95
$1,000, " " " " " 961 90

We buy and sell, as usual, Government and Central Pacific Bonds, and receive them in exchange for Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds.

Accounts of Banks and others received, on which we allow interest at the rate of four per cent.

Orders for Investment Stocks and Bonds executed at the Stock Exchange.

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers, etc., No. 5 Nassau street.
Harvey Fisk. A. S. Hatch.
New York, Jan. 13, 1872.

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY'S

FIRST MORTGAGE SINKING FUND LAND-GRANT BONDS,

BEARING EIGHT PER CENT. (8 p. c.) INTEREST, PAYABLE IN GOLD, FREE OF TAX,

AND IN DENOMINATIONS OF $1,000, $500, AND $100 can be obtained from the undersigned, or through the principal banks and bankers throughout the United States.

The attractive features of these securities are recognized in the fact that, although they have been but a short time on the market, they are nearly all absorbed, and but a small amount are now for sale.

They combine a perfect security with a liberal rate of interest. This interest account is made light for and easily borne by the Company through the operation of the Sinking Fund, created from sales of the Company's land, which in many cases draw interest at the rate of ten (10) per cent. per annum. The security behind them is ample in every particular, as they constitute a first and only mortgage on a trunk line of railroad which will soon connect the City of St. Joseph, Mo., (an important railway center), with the Union Pacific Railroad, at Fort Kearney, materially shortening the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. In addition to this, the Bonds have a further security in the fact that there is included in the Mortgage the Company's magnificent Lands, amounting to 1,500,000 acres, known to be among the best in the United States. The Mortgage indenture prohibits the sale of these Lands at less than Four (4) Dollars per acre, and payable to the trustees under the Mortgage, for the clear and express purpose of retiring these bonds. The amount thus realized exceeds the entire amount of bonds which can be issued, and leaves the road property and franchises free.

The bonds have thirty years to run, with interest at Eight per Cent., free of tax, payable February and August in each year.

Both principal and interest are payable in gold.

The principal in New York. The interest in either New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, at the option of the holder, without notice, and in the gold currency of the country in which they are presented. They are coupons or registered.

Trustees: Farmers' Loan and Trust Company.

The present price of these bonds is 97½ and accrued interest in *currency*, from August 15, 1871. But they are receivable at par and accrued interest in payment for lands sold by the Company. The right is reserved to advance the present selling price without notice.

Maps, circulars, documents, and full information furnished on application.

Though acting as agents for the sale of this loan, our firm buy and sell in their regular business the bonds of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Company; those of the Eastern Division eight per cent (8s), recently placed by us at 97½, being now quoted at from 101½ to 102½ and accrued interest.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankers, No. 11 Wall Street.

Municipal Bonds—Ten to Twelve Per Cent. Interest.—We offer for sale the bonds of *Counties, Townships, Cities, and School Districts* at prices that will yield interest at the rate of ten to twelve per cent. per annum. *Send for a descriptive price list.* Other securities taken in exchange at their highest market values. Persons having bonds for sale are requested to communicate with us. W. N. COLER & CO., Dealers and Brokers in Municipal Bonds, No. 11 Wall Street, New York.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

Breadstuffs.—There has been a dull and very unsatisfactory market for Flour since our last, and the active inquiry and buoyancy that prevailed has been followed by much heaviness and depression, and there is little inclination to purchase, owing to the fact that the trade generally are well stocked. The absence of any considerable export inquiry is much felt, and has added to the depression. Sales of the low and medium grades have been difficult, and only effected by submitting to lower figures. The exports of the week were 11,006 bbls., and the Fort Kearney, materially shortening the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. In addition to this, the Bonds have a further security in the fact that there is included in the Mortgage the Company's magnificent Lands, amounting to 1,500,000 acres, known to be among the best in the United States. The Mortgage indenture prohibits the sale of these Lands at less than Four (4) Dollars per acre, and payable to the trustees under the Mortgage, for the clear and express purpose of retiring these bonds. The amount thus realized exceeds the entire amount of bonds which can be issued, and leaves the road property and franchises free.

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The present price of these bonds is 97½ and accrued interest in *currency*, from August 15, 1871. But they are receivable at par and accrued interest in payment for lands sold by the Company. The right is reserved to advance the present selling price without notice.

Maps, circulars, documents, and full information furnished on application.

Though acting as agents for the sale of this loan, our firm buy and sell in their regular business the bonds of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Company; those of the Eastern Division eight per cent (8s), recently placed by us at 97½, being now quoted at from 101½ to 102½ and accrued interest.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankers, No. 11 Wall Street.

THE

MOST POPULAR LOAN

On the Market.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company offers to the public an investment security which combines the ready negotiability, the convenience, and the high credit of a first-class Railroad Bond with the solidity and safety of a Real Estate Mortgage on Land worth at least twice the amount loaned.

Traffic.—As officially reported, the gross earnings of the present Pacific Railroad (Union and Central) for 1871, the second year of through business (December earnings estimated), reach Seventeen Millions and a Quarter. Of this, 65 per cent. is from Local business; and it is stated fully 55 per cent., or nearly Nine and a Half Millions, are not over operating expenses.

An equal traffic on the Northern Pacific Road will pay a dividend of more than 9½ per cent. on its total cost. With its great and unquestioned advantages in distance, grades, climate, and tributary fertile country, the Northern Pacific is assured of a vast and profitable business from the outset, with a large increase for the future.

The Value of Land Grants.—The average price at which the twenty-six leading Land Grant Roads have thus far sold their lands is $7.04 per acre—the highest average of any grant being $18.98, and the lowest $3.07. With few exceptions, *the average selling price has steadily increased from year to year.* The lands of the Northern Pacific Road are admitted, by all who have seen them, to be better and more salable than those of most other grants. But, sold at the general average of $7.04 per acre, they will yield more than $161,000 per mile of road—more than three times the possible cost of construction and equipment; or at the lowest average of any grant ($3 07) they will produce more than $70,000 per mile. These facts regarding Pacific Railroad earnings, and the market value of Railroad Lands, as shown by actual sales to settlers, show the threefold security of Northern Pacific Railroad Bonds.

Construction.—The road is now completed across Minnesota (255 miles), work is progressing westward through Dakota, and 65 miles are under construction on the Pacific coast. Including purchased lines, the Northern Pacific Company now has under its management 575 miles of finished track. Contracts are let for the construction of 635 miles more, to be finished before the close of 1872.

The 7-30 Gold Bonds.—The first mortgage bonds of this company, *which, after full investigation, we strongly recommend as a reliable and unusually profitable investment, and which now stand among the gold and favorite securities of the country*, have the following leading features:

1. They are exempt from United States tax; the Principal and Interest are payable in gold—the principal in 30 years, and the interest semi-annually, at the rate of 7 3-10 per cent. per annum. Denominations from $100 to $10,000. Present selling price, par and accrued interest in currency.

2. The bonds are a first and only mortgage on the Road, its Equipments and Earnings, and also on a Land Grant which, on the completion of the road, will average 23,000 acres to each mile of track.

3. They are at all times receivable at 10 per cent. premium (1.10), in payment or exchange for the company's land at selling prices; a provision which practically gives the holder the power of foreclosure at will.

4. The proceeds of all sales of land are required to be devoted by the trustees of the bondholders (Messrs. Jay Cooke and J. Edgar Thomson) as a Sinking Fund to the purchase and cancellation of the first mortgage bonds, or temporarily to the payment of interest thereon, if necessary.

Exchanging 5-20s.—In view of the ability and fixed policy of the Government to call in its 5-20s, and substitute a low-interest bond—$140,000,000 having been called in for cancellation since September 1st—many holders of 5-20s are exchanging them for Northern Pacifics, thus adding to their principal the present premium on Government Bonds, and increasing their yearly interest income nearly one-third.

All marketable stocks and bonds will be received at current prices in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-thirties, without expense to the investor.

Jay Cooke & Co.,

New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, *Financial Agents Northern Pacific Railroad.*
For sale by Banks and Bankers generally.

close, owing to unfavorable foreign advices and larger receipts at the ports. We quote Low Middling 21¾ cts., and Middling 21¾ cts.

Molasses.—Foreign grades continue quiet, but prices are a trifle more steady for choice grades of boiling. Domestic is fairly active, and prime grades are pretty steady. Sugar-house is dull but steady, with small sales at 18@23 cts. There is more inquiry for Syrups for all grades, but transactions are restricted by the scarcity of available stock. We quote Cuba Muscovado at 23@33 cts., Cuba Clayed 23@26 cts., and Porto Rico 28@42 cts.

Provisions.—The general market for the Hog product has continued in a very slow and at times a dragging condition during the period under review, and still lower prices were in many cases accepted. Some few speculative calls occasionally gave one or two of the leading articles a temporary stimulus; but domestic consumers and foreign buyers appeared to move without spirit, and confine all operations to actual necessities. At the close Pork is still somewhat doubtful; but Lard is a little more in favor, and Box Meats are selling to a larger extent, with hints of increased orders and better limits from abroad. A great many "shorts" have covered; but the "long" interest is not increased to any extent. Of Beef a few unimportant sales have been made; but there is still an absence of a general demand, and the market for all cuts is in a more or less nominal condition, with the stocks liberal and still on the increase.

Sugars.—Raws are a trifle firmer, with but little offering, especially of the choice grades of refining, which has some tendency to restrict operations. We quote Fair to Good Refining at 9½@9¾ cts. Refined is in good request at steady prices. We quote Hards 12¾ cts., White A 11¾@12 cts., do. B 11¼@11⅝ cts., do. Extra C 11¼@11⅝ cts., and Soft Yellow 10¼@11 cts.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JAN. 16th, 1872.

[Reported Expressly for The Independent.]

BEEVES.—The demand is fair, prices have advanced, and the market closes firm.

MILCH COWS are quiet but steady.

VEAL CALVES are in limited demand and steady.

SHEEP.—The market is dull and easier.

SWINE are quiet but firmer.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Fancy	13 @13¼	13¼@13¾
Extra	13 @13	11¾@12
First quality	11½@11¾	11 @11⅜
Second quality	10½@11	10 @10⅜
Third quality	9¾@10¼	9½@9¾
Inferior	9 @9½	8½@9
Average of all sales about	11 @11¼	10½@10¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

Cows and Calves.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$80@$85	$70@$75
Good	65@70	60@65
Fair	50@60	50@60
Inferior and Common	40@45	40@45

Veal Calves.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	9¾@10½	9¾@10½
Good	8½@9	8½@9
Common	7½@8	7 @8
Inferior	6½@7	6 @7

Sheep and Lambs.

	This Week.	Last Week.
Choice, per lb.	9 @ 9¾	7¾@ 7¾
Extra	8½@ 9	7 @ 8
Good	8 @8½	6¾@ 7
Fair	7½@8	6½@6¾
Common	6½@7	5½@6

Swine.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed	6¾@ 6¾	8¾@ 9

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

Monday Evening, January 15th, 1872.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods in the New York markets. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, especially reported to The Independent (and published nowhere else) is far more reliable than any other newspaper in the city in worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack W	12¾	Pamenita	8¾
Merrimack D	11½	Garner & Co	11
Cocheco	11½	Arnold	11¾
Sprague	11	Hamilton	11¾
Pacific	11¾	Richmond	11¾
American	11¾	Gloucester	11¾
Dunnells	11¾	Mourning	11
Merrimack	11¾	Lancaster	
Manchester	11¾	Oriental	11¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	13	Roanoke	12
Hartford	11¾	Glasgow	10

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	13¾	Pepperell, R	13
Lawrence, D	13¾	" R	13½
" K	13½	" O	12½
" H	13	" C	12
" H	12¾	" C	10½
Pacific, Extra	13¾	Bost, S	13¾
" H	12½	"	10½
Atlantic, A	13¾	"	9¾
" H	12¾	Appleton, A	13
"	10½	Clark's	12¾
Augusta, B	13¾	Lacoria, O	12¾
Slat, A	13¾	"	11
Massachusetts, R	13¾	Lonsdale, H	13¾
" RR	13	Lonsdale, C	11
Indian Head	13¾	Tremont, C	11¾
Ballou & Son	13¾	Hamilton Owsbury, A	13¾
Exeter, A	13¾	"	12¾
Medford	13¾	" W	10½
Laconia	13¾	Great Falls, H	13¾
Pittsfield, A	13¾	"	12¾
Kennebec	10½	"	11
Stafford, R	13¾	Dwight, A	13¾
Newmarket, A	13¾	"	10

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	14	Reynolds, AA	13¾
Wamsutta	14	Lyrnie Lake	13
Tuscarora	14	Ballou & Son	13¾
Slater	13¾	"	12¾
White Rock	13¾	Lonsdale	13¾
Forestdale	13	Cambric	12½
Masonville	13	Hill	13¾
Blackstone	13	"	12½
Langdon	14	Barnard	13¾
" 45 inch	17½	" 10 inch	13
Waterville	14	" 9 inch	12
Pequeard	13¾	James Mills 4-4	13¾
"	12¾	" 10 inch	14
"	11	" 9 inch	12
Utica	13	Great Falls, S	13¾
"	12	"	12
"	10	"	11
Red Bank	14	Red Bank	12
"	12	"	10
Wadham, X	13¾	Wadham, X 10 inch	16¾
"	12¾	" 9 inch	15¾
"	11	"	13
"	10	"	11
Bay Mills	13¾	"	10
Green, O	14	"	11¾
Indian Orchard	13¾	"	11

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	15	Otis Company, CC	17
York	16	" BB	19
Blue Hill	15	" AA	21
Working Man's	13	Warren, Brown	18
Union	14	Leviathan, Brown	16
Manchester	20	Columbian	14

STRIPED SHIRTINGS

Amoskeag	13	Whitneyton, A	16
York	19	" BB	14½
Uncasville	16	" C	12½
Merrimack	13½	Eagle	10
Hamilton	19	Thorndike	11
Everett	13½	Hamilton, Regular	11

TICKS.

York, 32-inch	22½	Bent River	18
York, 28-inch	20	Methuen, A	16½
Amoskeag A C A	30	Hamilton, Regular	21
"	28	Hamilton, Fancy	25
"	25	Stevens	16
"	22	Stevens, Oil	18
Conestoga, Gold Medal	30	Ramapo, Oil	18
Extra, 4-4	22	Ramapo, A	16
		Pittsfield	17½

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	13½	Pepperell	13½
Lonsdale	13½	Slater	13
Hamilton, Nashua	13½	Indian Orchard	13½
New Market	10	Everett	13

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	13½	Lowell	13
Pepperell	14	Tremont	13
Stark	14	Lawrence	12½
Stark A	14	Winthrop	12

DELAINES.

Pacific	20	Lowell	16
Hamilton